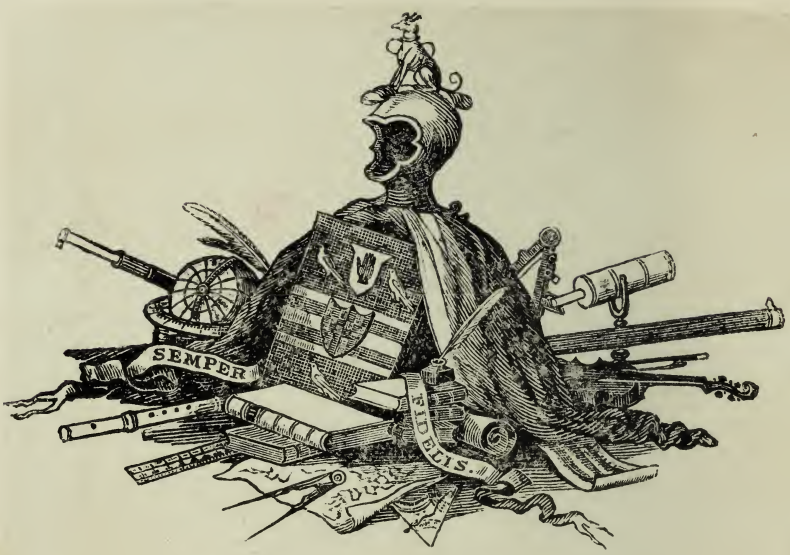
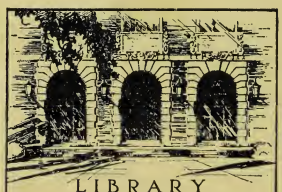
821
M768e

D/c
2 Vols
[Mrs Hutchison]
Private Library.



Sir John Smith, Bart.


LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
821
M768e
EARLY IMPRINT

The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

NOV 13 1975
DEC 15 1975
JAN 21 1976
FEB 17 1976

L161—O-1096

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign Alternates

https://archive.org/details/enchantedplantsf00mont

THE

ENCHANTED PLANTS.

F. Vieira Portuensis inv.

F. Bartolozzi R.A. sculp.

[Montolieu, Mrs.]

THE

ENCHANTED PLANTS,

FABLES IN VERSE.

INSCRIBED TO

MISS MONTOLIEU, AND MISS JULIA MONTOLIEU.

Blush as thou may'st, my little book, for shame,
Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame,
For such thy maker chose, and so designed,
Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind. *Dryden.*

LONDON.

PRINTED BY THOMAS BENSLEY,

BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET.

MDCCC.

821
M768e

12044 lb

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author conceiving that any allusion to the botanic distinctions of plants would be inconsistent with the simplicity intended to be preserved in the following Fables, has waved the attempt, and has hazarded in personifying them, to give to each individual the sex she thought best adapted to the moral the fable is meant to convey.

The few Notes she wrote for her children, and which may be of use to young readers, will be found at the end of the book.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

Grumbling ..... FABLE I. .... PAGE 3
Ambition ..... II. 8
Scandal ..... III. 12
Prejudice..... IV. 15
Sensibility..... V. 18
Folly..... VI. 23
Envy ..... VII. 27
Love..... VIII. 31
Temptation ..... IX. 35
Opinion ..... X. 39
Pride ..... XI. 44
Vulgarity ..... XII. 48
Despair..... XIII. 52
Cruelty..... XIV. 55
Vanity..... XV. 59
Contention ..... XVI. 62
Imprudence..... XVII. 66
Ingratitude..... XVIII. 69
Jealousy ..... XIX. 73
Adversity ..... XX. 78
Felicity..... XXI. 82
Wonder ..... XXII. 84

INTRODUCTION.

Oft, to beguile the sultry hours,
In thought I've animated flowers,
  Enlivening thus my walk,
And though no botanist professed,
Their reasoning powers have shrewdly guessed,
  And longed to hear them talk.

It chanced one lovely day in June,
Just at the madding time of moon,
  I spoke this wish aloud;
When from a Pansy, with surprise,
I saw a gradual mist arise,
  And form a silvery cloud.

Forth from the glittering veil, behold,
In insect trappings, green and gold,
  A fairy figure sprung,
Her wand a cowslip's stamen seemed,
And on her head like diamonds beamed
  A casque with dew-drops hung.

Her silken pinions as she flew,
Seemed by their size and purple hue,
  Spoils of the flower she left;
She soared aloft, and touched mine ear,
While I half-pleased, half-dead with fear,
  Remained of speech bereft.

Then first a small melodious tone,
Before to mortal wight unknown,
  Struck my enraptured sense,
'Flora,' it murmured, 'grants thy prayer,
Long have her treasures been thy care,
  Receive thy recompense.'

This said, she vanished from my sight,
And since, with ever new delight,
  I tend my fragrant hoards;
No solitude exists for me,
Since every flower, and shrub, and tree,
  Society affords.

GRUMBLING.

FABLE I.

One day when winter ruled the skies,
I, shivering by the flame,
Heard a strange hurly-burly rise,
And wondered whence it came.

Spite of the season's biting gales
I traced th' uncommon sound,
And found four plants in snowy veils
Muttering on gifted ground.

A Crocus bright peeped forth alone,
The rest lay snug concealed,
Till each with discontented tone,
Her name, and woes revealed.

To Flora were their vows addressed
In supplicating mood;
The Crocus first her plaints expressed,
And thus her grievance stood.

'Oh Flora, cruel mother! say,
Why suckle me with snow?
Ah, why not let thy Crocus stay
Till rival beauties blow?

In Spring, when every shrub and flower
Rejoices in the sun,
Like babe entombed at early hour,
My shivering race is run.

Let me but once among the gay
My place with rapture find,
Once hail the balmy breath of May,
Thence forward I'm resigned.'

She ceased; another plaintive moan
Arose from neighbouring root;
The modest Violet, wayward grown,
Presumed to urge her suit.

'Oh hear a timid suppliant's prayer,
Nymph of the blushing hours,
Incline, and rescue from despair,
The most forlorn of flowers!

Fair am I formed, and sweet 'tis true,
Thy favourite blue-eyed maid,
Each spring am fed with pearly dew,
But cloistered in the shade.

Were I exalted on my stem,
By solar beams inspired,
What Pink, what Rose, what fragrant gem,
Like me would be admired?'

'How,' cried with royal pride, the Rose,
(Betrayed by her petition,
Or else what mortal could suppose
She liked not her condition?)

'Shall such mean reptiles dare complain,
Sweet Ruler of the year!
While I, thy vice-queen, crowned in vain,
Here shed the silent tear?

Though bright my tints, perfumed my breath,
Though cherished by the fair,
Though when I fade, even after death,
My virtues honoured are:

Yet in my season, numerous Powers
Approach too near the throne,
The embroidered garden rich with flowers
Scarce will my empire own.

If blushing to my court I came
When Autumn rules the day,
Then should I sovereign homage claim,
And hold despotic sway.'

'Despotic sway indeed!' replied
The image of the sun,
'In June rejoice to curb thy pride,
My reign is not begun.

Though, native of a distant clime,
No British bloom I boast,
Yet know, proud plant! my form sublime
Eclipses all thine host.

Goddess! in radiant glories dressed
Let me henceforth appear,
By Summer's brightest beam caressed,
Nor wait the closing year.'

'Ungrateful tribe!'—with angry pause,
The indignant Goddess cries,
'Not in the season's wholesome laws
Your cause of grievance lies.

Spoiled by prosperity ye pine
Like many a pampered fair,
But woe to all, should I incline,
And grant to each her prayer.

So nicely are your hours arranged,
To every season linked,
That Nature's laws one moment changed,
Your race would be extinct.'

She spoke; then bade the blast arise
Her message to convey;
Boreas swift rushing through the skies
Swept all their sighs away.

AMBITION.

FABLE II.

Deep in the woodland springs a cool,
Pellucid, sparkling, spacious pool,
Whose bosom from o'ershadowing trees
Is strewed with sweets by every breeze.

No mantle green obscures the wave
Where Gods might drink, and Naiads lave,
No reptiles, from stagnation bred,
Dare to profane its crystal bed.

By Flora's pencil painted round,
On the sedge-woven bank is found
Each thirsty flower that drinks the tide,
On lake, or stream, or river's side;

There Lythrum points her purple spears,
Iris her golden standard rears;
A milk white Lily like the Queen,
Sits in the midst, and crowns the scene.

But where does pure perfection dwell?
Search the wild wood, the flowery dell;
Did Nature in her daintiest mood
E'er form one spot where all is good?

Too oft one vice defiles the breast
Where sterling virtues shine confessed;
Amid this unoffending race
The giant Hemlock held a place.

With glossy leaves, and umbels bright,
Luring the palate through the sight,
Oft had the fatal monster smiled
To rob a mother of her child.

Long had Queen Lily, and her train,
Strove to root out the weed in vain;
In this point lawyers all agree—
Possession is a stubborn plea.

Conscious of strength, and craving power,
He aimed to be the sovereign flower,
And had not Nature curbed his spleen,
Had hurled destruction at his Queen.

Once when the sky was overcast,
His dark leaves ruffled by the blast,
Mid storms of thunder, rain, and hail,
The rebel thus presumed to rail.

'Shall I with will and wit to rule,
Stand here a slave to guard this pool?
I, to whom fiends their poison grant,
Submit to yonder pale-faced plant?

Oh! could my juice infect the gale,
Or as in human veins prevail,
Soon would I change my state accurst,
And reign alone, or reign the first.'

The Lily from her silver tide,
Heard, and with dignity replied:
'Woe to all safety, peace, and right,
When wickedness and power unite;

Laws, virtue, policy, are vain,
When low-born plants pretend to reign;
Such as least willingly obey,
Most tyrannize possessed of sway.

Go, venomed weed, and vent thy spite
Where fogs create eternal night;
In bog, or fen, dominion gain,
And over toads, and lizards reign.

The baleful plant with fury stung,
Had now high treason on his tongue;
The tempest rendered utterance vain,
And broke his blood-stained stalk in twain.

SCANDAL;

Or the Painted-lady Sweet Pea.

FABLE III.

Gay Anemone, daughter of Art,
(Though her ancestors sprung from the wood,)
To Ranunculus, friend of her heart,
Chattered scandal as fast as she could.

One evening the subject she chose
Was peculiarly painful to me,
For my favourite, next to the Rose,
Is the pink-and-white sweet-scented Pea.

'Look there!' said the fanciful flower,
(By whimsical botanists dressed)
'How yon vain youthful plant of an hour
Smiles and flaunts like a beauty professed.

Though with us in the garden displayed,
Unimproved her corollas remain,
Still blushing, unformed, unarrayed,
Like her cousins who bask on the plain.'

'How blushing?' her friend sneering, cries,
'The old Daffodil whispered last night,
And you know on those subjects she's wise,
That this innocent paints red and white.

While her exquisite honeyed perfume,
For which the bees tease her to death,
They have found too, and so I presume,
Is fictitious—to cover her breath.

Then to see how she flirts with them all,
How she aims in a nosegay to shine,
And because she is painted and tall,
Conceits herself blooming and fine.'

A Sweet-William concealed in the shade,
Who their kind observations had heard,
Much loving the bright-bosomed maid,
Thought it high time to put in a word.

'Fine ladies, your eloquence spare,
Oh spare it in pity to me!
Or my heart is quite lost to the fair,
Supremely fair, Sweet-scented Pea.

For envy alone could suggest
The rank malice that fell from your tongue,
And your censures completely expressed
That she's innocent, lovely, and young.

Pink and silver, like Midsummer skies,
Is it thence you her blushes defame,
That amazed at her own brilliant dyes,
Nature once stooped to Art for a name?

By thus over-shooting the mark,
Poor ill-nature defeats her own end;
As a glow-worm's more bright in the dark,
You're but foils to my beautiful friend;

Doomed malicious old virgins to fade,
Whom multiplied petals deform,
While she her soft banner displayed,
Soon will shelter her fruit from the storm.'

The ladies felt something like shame,
And indignant, were ready to cry,
They ev'n vowed no more beauties to blame—
That is—when Sweet-William is by.

PREJUDICE.

FABLE IV.

A youthful Myrtle, to her climate true,
Mid Devon's balmy vales luxuriant grew;
And on a southern wall, by Colin trained,
Enriched with flowers, superiour height obtained.
Near, nursed by art, in crystal prison pent,
A thousand alien plants their winter spent,
Yearly released, when June resumed her reign,
To mingle sweets with Summer's genial train.
Among these strangers of maturer bloom,
Long had an Orange-tree dispensed perfume,
And long our Myrtle, though herself so fair,
Had viewed her radiant boughs with secret care,
When one late season, flirting her green fan,
To shew her wit, (read spleen) she thus began.
'Good morrow, Ma'am! I stare to see you here,
I thought you meant t' indulge at home this year;
Too delicate, since now you're somewhat old,
To quit your household gods, and brave the cold.

I doubt, indeed, what claim you have to smile
Here mid the high-born nymphs of Britain's isle,
While hot-beds kept for you at vast expense,
Display man's vanity, but not his sense.'

Th' exotic plant, stung with the Myrtle's pride,
Waving her golden honours, thus replied:
'Unfriendly mortal, prejudiced, and vain!
Can England's child a foreigner disdain?
Can you in climes for genuine feeling praised,
Depress the race your generous nation raised?
Ill suits your sex to sharpen sorrow's dart,
Ill your fair blossoms with a cruel heart;
Me, wretched exile from my native shore,
To these well-wooded cliffs misfortune bore;
Where, sheltered by benevolence, I grew,
Nor can a heart so grateful injure you.'
The forward shrub, awed by the matron's frown,
Was quickly, as all boasters are, cast down,
And much abashed, in soothing strain expressed,
'She meant not to offend—'twas but a jest:'
'Oh vain excuse!' the wounded tree replied,
'Shall proud Prosperity the wretch deride?
Ev'n were it strictly true, thy plea is vain,
Ne'er deem it sport to give another pain;

And chiefly one, by fate severe oppressed,
When insults sink like daggers to the breast;
Oft we call insults jests, by names deceived,
Deemed jests no longer when with pain received.'

The Myrtle blushed, and as she older grew,
Grew wiser, and allowed the maxim true,
And modest now, exhales her rich perfumes,
Worthy the gentle clime where still she blooms.

SENSIBILITY.

FABLE V.

Feeling! by words so ill defined,
So lovely in an honest mind,
How art thou grown in Fashion's schools
The mask of vice, the cant of fools!

How oft Impatience, temper's storm,
For sanction grasps thy glowing form!
How Affectation, Beauty's shame,
And Weakness prostitute thy name!

How oft by songs and novels taught,
They who ne'er knew one generous thought,
Their sensibilities reveal,
Sacred to such as truly feel.

She who the orphan's tear neglects,
Flavia, the tragic Muse affects,
In sorrow with the heroine vies—
Does Flavia feel, because she cries?

And love-lorn nymphs whom vows deceive,
Unmoved their roof paternal leave,
Passion for sentiment mistake,
And doom a parent's heart to break.

My fancy wandering uncontrolled,
Once to the river's side I strolled,
When to my mind these thoughts occurred,
Wakened by plaintive sounds I heard.

The breeze was gentle as my theme,
And Cynthia mild as poet's dream,
And hushed was every leafy spray,
Save the sad subject of my lay.

A Willow bending o'er the flood,
Her leaves just starting from the bud,
Like bird of night I heard complain
In moping melancholy strain.

'Ah Nature! why when all is gay,
Or resting from the toils of day,
Why is my waking soul the shrine
Of sense so exquisitely fine?

If but a sun-beam strikes too warm,
How faints my undulating form!
The most dispirited of trees,
If hollow sounds the evening breeze.

When cloudy yon blue vault appears,
Instant I droop dissolved in tears;
If but a poplar frowns in scorn,
I sorrow that I e'er was born.'

While thus she mourned, she sobbed aloud,
And to the stream her branches bowed;
I gazed; and still she wept and sighed,
Yet seemed to feel a secret pride.

An Alder by her plaints awoke,
Thus in reproachful accents spoke,
'Why, Willow, why these vigils keep,
And break the sacred hour of sleep?

Why still deem Nature's laws perverse,
Who make her choicest gifts a curse?
Feeling, whose shrine thy tears profane,
Is not th' eternal nurse of pain.

When rain and tempest rule the hours,
How sympathize the plants and flowers?
The sun once more revives the plain,
They laugh with hope and joy again.

Mark Pleasure's fascinating wiles,
And Beauty's heart-illumined smiles;
The eye's quick glancing rapture tells
Unquestioned where the Angel dwells.

Where points the moon-beam, dost thou see
Near yon grey stone a lofty tree,
The Cypress, mourner of the grove,
Placed by the hand of widowed love?

His grief with dignity he bears,
A dark and settled sorrow wears,
Affects no attitudes of woe,
And scorns one trivial tear should flow.

The genuine anguish of the heart,
Nor tears, nor sobs, nor groans impart,
But like this deep and silent wave,
Steals without murmur to the grave.

To him who pines with grief sincere,
Like dreams of heavenly bliss appear
The fancied evils you deplore.'....
She paused.—The Willow wept the more.

FOLLY.

FABLE VI.

Now, to while away the hours,
Shall I tell you what befel
A Rose, the very pearl of flowers,
Who loved her charms.. Alas! too well.

On a verdant bank she flourished,
Hanging o'er a crystal stream,
There a numerous offspring nourished,
Time departing like a dream.

Conscious of transcendent beauty,
Her children seemed her second praise,
She prized them not from love, but duty;
Her joy was in the flood to gaze.

But moments tell, and all must perish,
And beauty flies on fleeting wing,
Virtue's the only charm to cherish,
She blossoms in eternal spring.

One day looking in her mirror,
The sun was high, the wave was clear,
She saw with starts, and throbs of terror,
A wrinkle on her leaves appear.

She daily watched, and saw her flower
Assume a sort of yellow cast,
She gazed around, and saw each hour
Her buds more brilliant than the last.

Belinda would her glass have broken,
But as her's braved her utmost rage,
She spoke; but words in passion spoken
Nor sentimental are, nor sage.

'Oh Nature! harsh to pretty creatures,
Thy choicest favours seem our bane,
The more divine our form and features,
The more intense our future pain.

Ah! what avails that, once enchanting,
The poet has my beauties sung,
That ev'n on Julia's charms descanting,
My name hung trembling on his tongue?

To point his flatteries still the lover
Derived his softest blush from me;
My hues are fled, my triumphs over,
Now let him write my elegy.

Would, like the Dandelion yonder,
A vulgar weed in meadows known,
I ne'er had bloomed the garden's wonder,
Or, early nipped, had never blown.'

The tender buds around her sitting,
Who grieved to see their mother grieve,
With gentle voice their age befitting,
Thus strove her anguish to relieve.

' Oh dear Mamma! Oh cease your sorrow!
With patience now your loss sustain,
Your charms though fading, ours tomorrow
Will make you value life again.

See the coeval friends you cherish,
They too begin to lose their bloom,
With you they blew, with you they perish,
Would you alone survive the doom?

Still are your sweets a store of pleasure'——
I thought the moral suited me,
And seizing quick the withering treasure,
Embalmed her in a pot-pourri.

ENVY.

FABLE VII.

O'er plains with Summer's radiance spread,
Where, mixed with Heath in bloom,
The Furze displays her golden hues,
And scatters wild perfume,

A Shepherd passed at evening hour
With weary step and slow,
Reflecting on the various charms
Earth's rudest scenes bestow.

Gilt by the sun's departing beam
The prospect glowed more bright;
More fragrant blew the scented breeze,
His little home in sight,

A turf-built cottage on the heath
Where cheerful labour dwelt,
And from repose experienced bliss
That grandeur never felt.

No blackbirds cheered the unwooded spot,
But sweet the sheep-bell's sound;
Unscreened from winds, but Ivy clung,
And Woodbine flaunted round.

Yet Pride even here an harbour found,
For up the casements twined,
Th' ambitious shrub her station scorned,
And pale with envy pined.

Her blossoms waving in the breeze,
Thus sad her accents flow,
As from the chimney's height she viewed
The sea of gold below.

'While yonder weed o'erspreads the plain
And breathes her sweets around,
Ah! why dependant from my birth
Am I in fetters bound?

Fixed to a humble peasant's hut,
By barbarous man compelled,
Confined to tame, domestic praise,
Scarce scented, scarce beheld.'

'Ungrateful plant!' in accents meek
The faithful Ivy cried,
'And dost thou that dear tie lament,
Thy safety, and thy pride?

True, yonder gay luxuriant throng
Adorned in rich attire,
Seen from afar wide homage claim,
And passengers admire.

Thou flexible and tender, formed
By Nature to depend,
Canst boast, what mortals few possess,
The blessing of a friend.

Shall adulation's fickle breath
Raise envy in thy breast,
Who still protected, yielding sweets,
Art cherished, and caressed?'

She ceased; and soon the storm arose,
The Woodbine hung her head;
The rain descends, the tempest raves,
She blessed the friendly shed.

But on the wild unsheltered heath
At morn the traveller past,
The golden blossoms wide dispersed,
Had yielded to the blast.

LOVE.

FABLE VIII.

Fancy not men who read my page,
That only care and spleen engage
The blooming tribes I sing;
No—they enjoy the world like you,
Make love, feed, sleep, and quaff the dew,
And frolic in the Spring.

Like mortals too of various taste,
Some plants are frail, and some are chaste,
Some with affection blessed;
The Hedysarum loves the Sun,
Coquets it till his race is run,
Then nods, and sinks to rest.

While the Mimosa, modest maid,
Even at the Zephyr's breath dismayed,
The virgin's fear pourtrays;
And Lupins whom their buds delight,
Who shield them from the damps of night,
Deserve a mother's praise.

But Scandal says, (what won't she say?)
That every flower and plant is gay,
By Nature's precepts trained;
But lest my muse censorious prove,
I only sing their mortal love,
Too pure to be arraigned.

At six one balmy Summer morn,
To hail June's perfumes newly born
I through the shrubbery strayed;
When from the myriads all around
Th' accustomed soft and silvery sound
Rose murmuring through the shade.

But chiefly I inclined mine ear
A curious dialogue to hear
Between two amorous flowers;
What woman but had done the same?
For each was talking of his flame
Just as we talk of ours.

'Let Tulip hear, and judge our cause,
And we be guided by his laws,'
A gallant Larkspur cried:

'Done,' cried a Pink, with double crest,
'Which of us Silvia loves the best
Let Tulip now decide.'

LARKSPUR.

When Silvia, Goddess of the groves,
Enchanted through her garden roves,
Soon as my tints she spies,
With what delight she stops to gaze,
Soft as descending dews her praise,
Bright as the sun her eyes.

PINK.

When Silvia, by the breeze caressed,
Herself the Queen of flowers confessed,
Appears, eclipsed they pine,
For me she oft the Rose resigns,
And sighing o'er my form inclines,
Her breath more sweet than mine.

LARKSPUR.

Behold this spot, how large a space
She yields to us, her favourite race,
Placed here in crowded ranks;

Armed with our spurs, I heard her swear,
'None but the brave deserve the fair;'
I blushed, and bowed my thanks.

PINK.

Just now our variegated hue,
And rich corollas hung with dew
Attracted Silvia's eye;
She placed the loveliest on her breast,
And in a basket heaped the rest,—
By chance she passed me by.

'Enough, enough!' Sir Tulip cries,
'Be wise, brave Larkspur, yield the prize;
A word before we part,
Value not what a lady says,
Whom her words slight, or whom they praise,
Her actions speak her heart.'

TEMPTATION.

FABLE IX.

'Why, flower celestial blue, oh tell
Why droops thy silken head,
Why scarce unfolded hangs thy bell,
Why are those dew-drops shed?

Has the east blighting nipped thy buds,
Have the slugs pierced thy leaves,
Have the hot sun-beams drank the floods,
Campanula thus grieves?

Say, on this dew-bespangled lawn
Encircling our abode,
Which mingling trees and shrubs adorn,
With fragrant blossoms strewed,

Watered and sheltered from thy birth
Beneath the Acacia's bough,
Placed on this chosen spot of earth,
What flower so blessed as thou?'

Thus a bright Lupin in the grove
Kind as a Summer shower,
To soothe, in gentle accents strove,
A melancholy flower.

'Ah woe is me!' with mournful voice
I heard the plant reply,
'Ne'er shall Convolvulus rejoice,
Here doomed to pine and die.

The sun was scarcely set last night,
My bells began to close,
When to my half-discerning sight
A lovely vision rose.

How shall my artless speech describe
The glories of its form?
It seemed of that aerial tribe
Which here at noontide swarm.

From yonder brake, on rainbow wing,
It soared with solemn flight,
Two wings were pale as leaves in Spring,
Two like the Poppy bright.

" Sweet flower! Oh! sweeter far," it said,
" Than Musk-rose of the dale;
Sweeter than Furze, or thymy bed,
On Orange-scented gale!

At early dawn thy sapphire brood
I passed, (to roving given)
And thought in glassy wave I viewed
The smiling face of heaven.

So beauteous, why stay here and sigh?
Oh grant thy lover's prayer!
With us gay wanderers of the sky
Come float in fields of air."

Then with a pure ethereal kiss
It pressed my leaves and fled;
I sigh for liberty and bliss
Fixed to my earthy bed.'

' Oh shame!' said Lupin, ' shame to grieve,
Beware the tempter's theme,
Thus fell the flower of Eden, Eve,
Deluded by a dream.

Yon sun-born tribes like man may range,
With stronger wills impressed,
But shall the wild desire of change
Infect thy gentler breast?

They who o'er hill, and dale, and flood,
A thousand perils brave,
Oft welter in the field of blood,
Or perish in the wave.

We, happier far, their pleasures share,
Happier in death our doom,
Fade in the garlands of the fair,
Or strew the hero's tomb.

Then oh! beware the flatterer's speech,
Thy favoured station keep.'——
But long ere Lupin ceased to preach,
The Flow'ret fell asleep.

OPINION.

Inscribed to H. J. Pye, Esq.

FABLE X.

Last Christmas day, at matin hour,
I sallied to my winter bower,
Devoted at old Custom's shrine
To keep this holiday divine.
The ground was crisp, the lawn was white,
The water froze, the sun shone bright,
And icicles on every spray,
Like diamonds sparkled in the ray.
A Laurel, and a Holly long,
A thousand evergreens among,
Had robbed December of its gloom,
And decked my pew, and cheered my room.
As I approached, with weapon armed,
My hand was stayed, my senses charmed,
To hear each emerald-crested stalk
Engaged in sentimental talk.

Their gentle speech on seasons ran,
And first the Muse's tree began,
Soared on Imagination's wing,
Dwelt on the charms of blue-eyed Spring,
On western breezes, meadows gay,
And all the infant sweets of May,
With numbers soft, and specious sense,
At poor October's sole expense;
Her though he praised in magic strain,
I plainly saw 'twas 'gainst the grain,
Divine he owned for Painting's eye,
Or Siddons like, to make us cry.
The Holly, rich with redbreast's fruit,
Thus strove her reasons to refute.
'Ere May's delicious hours you sing,
Prove Britain boasts a genial spring,
Alas! our poet's May is June,
Soon lost amid the blaze of noon.
Or if mild Zephyrs earlier blow,
And premature delights bestow,
Bleak eastern gales, and blights succeed,
And on our buds and blossoms feed.
Our nymphs to-day in love with flowers,
Pluck Lilacs, dream of rosy bowers,

A cobweb vesture scarce sustain,
Tomorrow wrapped in furs again.
All hail, bright Summer's glorious beams!
All hail, deep shades, and cooling streams!
Nor will I Nature's boast deride,
To flatter Autumn's modest pride:
Yet much the sober hour I love,
To watch the gradual changing grove,
(I doomed to die but ne'er to fade)
To pity too the withering shade.
Then sportsmen, farmers, all maintain
The cheerful joys of Autumn's reign,
Her echoing woods, her open fields,
The luscious store her orchard yields,
Her bracing air, her moderate sun,
Her evenings when the chace is done;
Then ere compelled by piercing storms,
A cheerful fire, on sufferance, warms,
Untainted by the pang to know
That thousands pine with cold and woe.'
Here ceased the plant, to my surprise,
Nor spoke one praise of wintry skies;
Like man who while the present cloys,
Still dreams of past and future joys.

I thought it now my turn to preach,
And Nature's wrongs inspired my speech:
'Ungrateful shrubs! Ah why disdain
This brightest season of your reign,
Unconscious of your favoured doom
Amid surrounding death to bloom?——
Though pleasure flies man's frost-bound fields,
Virtue her mental treasure yields;
Sweet Charity thy blessings rise
Like breath of Roses to the skies;
Pity like Summer's dew descends
On him deprived of roof and friends;
While housed beneath a snow-charged sky
That bids us on ourselves rely,
We reap from muse, or moral page,
The plenteous harvest of the sage.'
This said, lost moments to repair,
My purposed spoils engaged my care;
Yet never plucked I flower, or bough,
But that I felt—I know not how—
That leaves were veins, a babe each bud,
The rind a skin, the juices blood.
Thus ere I struck, I looked around,
And plants less animated found;

But lest my preference should offend,
I snatched one laurel from my friend,
And though a monarch must bestow it,
I brought it home to crown his poet.

PRIDE.

FABLE XI.

A straw-roofed cottage in a glade
Beside an ancient wood,
Protected by its tufted shade,
In humble neatness stood.

Before it, measuring many a rood,
A corn field sloping spread,
And reached the vale where Tavy's flood
Foams o'er its rocky bed.

A hedge, through every season green,
Divided from the wheat
A garden, formed for use I ween,
Yet beautiful and sweet.

There of a thousand brilliant dyes,
Disposed with rustic taste,
Each flower and plant that shepherds prize,
Each wholesome herb was placed.

The virgin Snow-drop Winter cheered;
In Spring, in choice array
Tulips and Hyacinths appeared;
In Summer Pinks so gay.

The mottled Daisy set in rows,
Eye-bright to clear the view,
Sweet Williams, Heart's-ease, Scarlet-Rose,
And Stocks, and Violets blue.

In sunny corner where the bees
Their honeyed trade pursue,
Grew Majoram, Lavender, Sweet Peas,
And Rosemary, Thyme and Rue.

But of this bright enamelled bed,
The Polyanthus race
In many a tuft profusely spread,
Usurped the largest space.

Not that in merit such excel,
(Few boasted favourites do)
But that the posied Sunday belle
Loved their becoming hue.

One vain of preference, pert and gay,
Just peeping through the pale,
A Cowslip spied, in field array,
And thus began to rail.

'My country cousin, why so near
Us flowers of high degree?
Methinks you look but shabby here,
And much discredit me.

What if these noble garden plants
My low connexions knew?
I soon despised must fly these haunts,
And herd with weeds like you.'

'I am not used,' the modest flower,
With downcast eyes, replied,
'To vaunt myself, nor, had I power,
Would emulate thy pride.'

By chance in Honeysuckle bower
I sat, and pleased at heart
To hear the meekness of the flower,
With interest took her part.

'And hush,' I cried, 'conceited thing!
Thy place so prized resign,
While yonder gentle child of Spring,
Henceforward shall be mine.

Void of discernment, dost thou think
Her less deserving praise,
Whose unaffected virtues shrink,
And shun the public gaze?

Compare with hers thy boasted bloom,
Her graceful form behold,
Observe her elegant perfume,
Her bells of speckled gold.

At village feasts, where most ye shine,
On Phebe's breast ye die;
But Cowslips yield the generous wine
That sparkles in her eye.'

Transplanted from her native fields
Awhile the flowret sighed,
But now content her fragrance yields,
The cottage garden's pride.

VULGARITY.

FABLE XII.

One August morn before the sun
Had reached his glorious height,
What time ere harvest is begun
The corn fields most delight.

Snug by a hedge, o'erhung with trees,
Where blades less numerous grew,
A nest of Poppies, placed at ease,
Conversed with Bottles-Blue.

'I wonder much,' with rustic grace
A Poppy thus began,
'Why our mild inoffensive race
Is so despised by man.

The farmer, in whose fields we're found,
Rejects us with disgrace,
And looks on Poppies in his ground
As pimples in his face.

Man too, of strange, perverted taste,
Miscals our potent sweets,
Yet leeks are mid his dainties placed,
And onions crown his treats.

The same high parentage we claim
With Oriental plants,
And near relations bear his name
Who in the garden flaunts.

Owned too by soporific powers
Who share the Doctor's pride,
Connected with Physician flowers,
To science we're allied.

How bright mid universal green
Our scarlet host appears,
Not in more splendid garb are seen
St. James's Volunteers.'

'And we, a mild cerulean fair,'
A Blue-bottle replies,
'Though less conspicuous, proudly wear
The livery of the skies.

From Switzerland's romantic heights
Sprung our exotic race,
Whom now this gentle soil delights,
Who British gardens grace.

Let Roses still in hackneyed strain,
With Celia's Lilies blend,
To blue-eyed Marian's sighing swain
Our tints new flatteries lend.

While clowns, those tasteless sons of gain,
Contemn the painted meads,
On profit bent, our charms disdain,
And scoffing call us, Weeds.'

Amid the blades that glittered round,
One loftier than the rest,
With four-fold spiky honours crowned,
The motley throng addressed.

'Ye vulgar flowers' (she seemed to frown)
'Who our bright limits share,
Intruders (as at routs in town
Queer country neighbours are)

Where Industry profusion yields,
How dare ye creep so near?
Go, lurk in cold neglected fields;
No gipsies harbour here.

Blasting the boon to toil assigned,
Ill omen'd plants ye blow,
Ceres, indignant, hates your kind,
Nor prospers where ye grow.'

She spoke;—when lo! a hostile troop,
The reaper band appears;
The trembling flowers began to droop,
The Wheat to shake her ears.

Alas! they chose that very morn
To scatter death around,
And Poppies, Blue-bottles, and Corn,
Were levelled with the ground.

U. OF ... LIB.

DESPAIR.

FABLE XIII.

List, maidens, in this witching hour,
How a charmed Hare-bell loved a Swain
Yclep'd the Shepherd of the bower,
Who cared not for her pain.

Yet he in truth was kind and good,
And he wooed Geraldine the fair,
And gathered garlands in the wood
To deck her golden hair.

He culled the wild Rose wet with dew,
He culled the Lily of the vale,
And Eglantine, and Violet blue,
Sweet May, and Primrose pale.

And eke this small bell, mid the grass,
Oft his exploring eye would meet,—
And yet he stooped not, for alas!
She breathed no tempting sweet.

'Oh!' then in pleading strain, cried she,
'Too lovely Shepherd of the bower!
Would that I were, till plucked by thee,
The green wood's sweetest flower.

And fading, on thy gentle breast
One happy, happy moment lie,
Once to thy heart be fondly pressed,
And then, rejoicing, die.'

One luckless morn this lover flew
O'er dells and dingles to the grove,
To greet with flowrets bathed in dew
The birth-day of his love.

Alas! he flew with careless speed,
For he right gladsome was and young,
And crushed the Hare-bell of the mead,
Who thus her death lay sung:

'O Shepherd so beloved by me,
My early doom I joyous meet,
Too happy, since disdained by thee,
To perish at thy feet.'

Damsels, profit by my story,
Thus in unfashioned phrase rehearsed,
Prize your peace, and maiden glory,
Nor love who loves not first.

CRUELTY.

FABLE XIV.

A Catchfly, long for cruelty renowned,
Infested Flora's consecrated ground,
Nor from the dawn of day, till setting sun,
Had guillotine more execution done.

From bright ephemera glancing to and fro,
He tasted raptures sportsmen only know,
That our more active, no less savage race,
Derive from shooting, angling, and the chace.

Yet these achievements no abhorrence raise,
Use becomes Nature, so the proverb says,
And this by Custom's clearly understood,
That Man loves sport, that game and fish are good.

But thou, fair Nymph, whose weeping accents plead
If but a mouse or sparrow's doomed to bleed,
Canst thou love him whom slaughter's trophies stain?—
Oh check thy tears, or choose a gentler swain!

But truce to satire, Muse! thy strain command,
Mankind's caprices stronger tones demand,
Accord to fabled lore the lyre, and tell
What just deserts our tyrant plant befel.

Domitian's emblem, mischief fired his breast,
Nor could his maw the solid food digest,
Nice as the gods, the vegetable tribe
From ducts unseen nectareous draughts imbibe.

His stem like Basilisk's eye allured his prey,
Though formed with will and wings to fly away;
Still victims fluttered round in frolic maze,
Heedless as Moths who perish in the blaze.

Thus in a paradise of fruits and flowers,
Revolving monstrous deeds he passed his hours,
Displayed th' accustomed uniform of blood,
And trained to carnage every opening bud.

Though Flora, Goddess of the enamelled plains,
With chief delight o'er flowery vassals reigns,
Fond of mellifluous treats her sovereign sway
Myriads of glittering insect tribes obey.

Oft they in vain implored their Queen to grant
A quick deliverance from this dragon-plant,
Oft too their bosom friends, the fragrant race,
Prayed riddance from their gentle tribe's disgrace.

But no petition altering Nature's law,
They claimed in self-defence the right of war,
And called a council measures to devise,
Of Bees, Gnats, Caterpillars, Ants, and Flies.

On a dew-sprinkled bed of Mignionette,
Armed cap-a-pee the brilliant members met,
Nor did the Grecian chiefs in days of yore
Deserve ten pages of description more.

How then the vivid wonders of each tribe
Shall my contracted numbers e'er describe?
Each form minute in scaly armour light,
And Butterfly with gaudy banners bright?

And Lady-bird in regimentals seen,
And feathered Moth, and Fly in gold and green,
And humble Bee yclep'd their trumpeter?——
But hush, my Muse, lest faithless Memory err.

The flowers in silken robes gave sage advice,
And called the buzzing throng to order thrice,
And then decreed distinguished troops should go
And perish, or exterminate the foe.

To undermine the sanguinary brute
Large Caterpillars first attacked the root,
Beetles and Slugs his wily verdure eat,
Beneath whose leaflets lurked the clammy net.

At length a Wasp, with Roman virtue fired,
By patriot love of liberty inspired,
Flew at the obnoxious flower with active wing,
And self-devoted sacrificed his sting.

Thus fell the plant who Fortune's gifts abused,
By foes beset, by gentle hearts accused.
England, may virtue long adorn thy crown,
And none but vegetable tyrants frown.

VANITY.

FABLE XV.

A Lilac, Flora's darling child,
The shrubbery's early pride,
In magic accents, sweetly wild,
With exultation cried,

'Avaunt from me, ye tardy flowers
That grovel near the ground,
Compelled to wait for sultry hours,
In verdant fetters bound!

While I, precursor oft of May,
In orient splendour dressed,
Make the cold face of Nature gay,
Her first-born most caressed.

Warm with benevolence I bloom,
Pride of the embowering shade,
Or plucked, the gorgeous dome perfume,
Or deck yon matchless maid.

Not even the Queen of shrubs, the Rose,
Can double gifts bestow,
Useless her humble foliage blows,
Though bright her petals glow.'

This uttered with triumphant mien,
Her light leaves swelled with pride;
Child of the valley, mild, serene,
The Lily thus replied:

'Vain blossom, gem of transient doom,
Whence thy presumptuous boast?
That mid Spring's yet unripened bloom
Thy charms are courted most.

True, Nature fixed with care divine
Mid opening buds thy reign;
What place to thee could June assign
Amid her thronging train?

Where trees in full luxuriance grow,
How vain thy boasted shade!
Where in bright ranks Carnations blow,
How would thy faint hues fade!

By Julia are thy sweets confessed,
Soft mingling with the gale;
But place thee on her snowy breast,
How soon thy odours fail.

Fair mid her leaves, thy sister see
In virgin tints attired,
She dwells not on her charms like thee,
Yet, is she less admired?'

Abashed her purple blushes fled,
The pride of Summer came,
And Lilacs numbered with the dead,
No more our shepherds name.

CONTENTION.

FABLE XVI.

A Chesnut-tree laden with bloom,
A Laburnum with boughs dropping gold,
A Hyacinth breathing perfume,
One Spring morning proceeded to scold.

The cause of the quarrel averred
Was a doubt in an ill-fated hour,
Which for beauty, by man is preferred,
The Tree, or the Shrub, or the Flower.

The Flower, as a Lady, spoke first,
And (illiberal satire says) most,
Sweets, garlands, charms, emblems rehearsed,
And made lovers, and sonnets, her boast.

But this was so common a ditty,
And the Shrub held her merits so cheap,
That he swore she was pretty and witty,
And besought her her counsel to keep.

'Thy delights,' added he, 'are confessed,
Truly Nature has made thy race fair,
But thy beauties by Monarchs caressed,
Thy favours even cottagers share.

We Shrubs of a lineage refined
Ne'er stoop with plebeians to bloom,
Though Syringas, of ignoble kind,
By chance may the village perfume.

So graceful our flexible arms,
Such fragrance our blossoms exhale,
That even forest trees envy our charms,
And parterres with vexation turn pale.'

The Chesnut, indignant and proud,
Frowned, as if he both parties despised,
And shaking his branches, aloud,
In few words his pretensions comprised.

'Sweet Flowret,' (he flattered the sex)
'I perceive my protection's required,
And lament yonder coxcomb should vex
You, made to be loved and admired.

But no wonder he triumphs o'er you
Who ventures with Oaks to compare,
They whose might Britain's enemies rue,
Who the glory of conquerors share.

Let fops ring their own empty praises,
Who real insignificance feel,
Self-boasting but ridicule raises,
Our merits let others reveal.'

The furious Laburnum replied,
The Chesnut retorted again,
The Flower with the strongest took side,
Yet endeavoured their rage to restrain.

But why to curb anger aspire?
'Tis a torrent that roars in the mind,
As easy to rein in the fire,
Or check the wild gusts of the wind.

Each grew so outrageous at last,
Such unparalleled insults occurred,
And they all talked together so fast,
That I scarce could distinguish one word.

So fearing that breakfast might wait,
And conscious no blood could ensue,
I left them to end the debate,
And came home to relate it to you.

IMPRUDENCE.

FABLE XVII.

Through yonder furze-grown hill whose brow recedes,
A deep sunk road to Milton village leads,
Whose whitened steeple at the close of day
Seen in the valley, cheers the pilgrim's way.
On each side, rich with variegated shade,
Steep rise the verdant banks with rock inlaid,
Whose crags, with Holly, Broom, and Elder crowned,
The fragrant Honeysuckle wantons round,
While from the clefts pellucid drops distil,
And form, half hid by leaves, a gurgling rill.
Above luxuriant blooms th' uncultured Rose,
Mixed with the Hop, the feathering Goat's-beard blows,
And here and there a pollard Oak reclines,
Whose moss-grown stem the tendril plant entwines,
Bindweed, and Nightshade, luring to destroy,
And tempting Bramble, bane of truant boy.
In Spring, with topaz tint and emerald stem,
The Primrose studs the sod with many a gem;

While Nature yielding with judicious care
In every flower a moral to the fair,
In grassy shade half veiled her Violet race,
And bade them teach the hamlet modest grace.

The mother flowret of the fragrant brood
Oft gave them good advice, as mothers shou'd.
' My children, cherish solitude,' she said,
' Nor on each wanton breeze your odours shed,
Here flourish safe beneath my sheltering wing,
Sweet, unobtrusive harbingers of Spring.'

But one, a pretty, lively, blue eyed flower,
Oft would peep slily from her humble bower,
Pleased with the prospect, and the passers by,
She loved to scent the gale, and catch the eye.
One fatal evening, bent on rural feats,
Maria came to fill her lap with sweets,
Amid the grass the little truant spied,
And ' to my bosom come! Oh come!' she cried;
But ev'n gay childhood scorns an easy prize,
She saw a Moth on fluttering wing arise,
Her willing favourite dropped upon the ground,
And chased the vagrant with elastic bound.

The slighted beauty fell, as Fate decreed,
On the soft borders of a painted mead;

Revived by dews, when to herself she came,
Alas! she looked around with grief and shame,
Amid the gaze of Buttercups she laid,
No friend to pity, and no leaves to shade;
Oft on her mother's dear-loved name she cried,
And mocked by vulgar weeds, lamenting died.

INGRATITUDE.

FABLE XVIII.

On that green hill's romantic side
Which crowns yon distant view,
O'er-hanging Severn's gentle tide,
Two youthful Beeches grew.

Beneath Palemon's fostering care,
In one fraternal band,
Unnumbered nurslings flourished there,
Reared by his skilful hand.

But chief in faithful friendship paired,
These sisters lived, and loved,
Each other's simple pleasures shared,
Each other's sorrows proved.

When from the North the blast arose,
And shook their tender forms,
Together twining to oppose,
They braved the winter storms.

Or when mild Maia's Zephyrs blew,
And gently waved the trees,
Their secret thoughts, to friendship true,
They whispered in the breeze.

No envy lurked beneath their leaves
To blast their mutual fame,
Envy a sister's triumph grieves,
Their triumphs were the same.

Single, their forms, their polished stems
Might beauty's meed have claimed,
But joined, these vegetable gems
Through all the land were famed.

Alas full oft has Beauty proved
The ills with fame combined!
Palemon to a friend he loved,
One favourite Beech resigned.

But as with trembling hand he snatched
Her fibres from the ground,
The sister root from birth attached
Received a fatal wound.

A splendid Castle's noble pile
A park's wide precinct graced;
Where frowns the Oak, where Chesnuts smile,
The chosen tree was placed.

There while the minutes danced along,
And every scene was gay,
While mirth, festivity, and song,
Resounded through the day,

Th' exulting plant, elate with pride,
(Ye prosperous fair, attend!)
Forgot her grove, the silver tide,
And ah! forgot her friend.

The wounded Tree in silence grieves,
By cold unkindness torn,
She lost the lustre of her leaves,
And drooped, and died forlorn.

But mark what punishment befals
Waste, luxury, and vice,
Ruin soon stormed the Castle-walls,
The timber fetched its price.

The Forest a new lord confessed,
Whom taste nor beauty fired;
Th' ungrateful Beech, among the rest,
Beneath the axe expired.

JEALOUSY.

FABLE XIX.

For each emotion of the mind
A fairy shrine I've tried to find
  In Flower, in Shrub, or Tree;
But ah what flower, or plant could bear
The struggling, torturing pangs that tear
  Thy victims, Jealousy?

Could blossom frail, whose tender form
Scarce for an hour endures the storm,
  With thee one moment dwell?
Th' uncertain dread, the chilled desire,
The sick regret, the restless fire
  Must burst her silken shell.

Or were the sturdy giant Oak
To feel thine agonizing yoke,
  His generous heart deceived;
He whom no common blasts o'ertake,
Soon would thy powerful torments shake,
  And Nature's self be grieved.

To Darwin, whose Botanic song
Wantons their wild amours among,
I leave the daring task:
To paint the gentler pains of love,
Whose flattering doubts affection prove,
Oh Muse, is all I ask!

Descendant of the garden's pride
(Narcissus for himself who died)
A Jonquil graced the grove;
A Butterfly, with silver wing,
Struck with her saffron charms in Spring,
With vows declared his love.

The virgin flower was coy a day,
She turned her golden head away,
And sent him to the sky;
But when he next his flame expressed,
That she felt much the same confessed,
And sealed it with a sigh.

How joyful now the season past!
Each moment happier than the last,
They swore to love till death;

He worshipped at her silken shrine,
And fluttering round her sweets divine,
Imbibed her fragrant breath.

It happened that one sunny morn
They saw an Amaranth, hot-house born,
Released from crystal shrine;
The Butterfly whose taste was good,
Who flowers, and honey, understood,
Swore she was quite divine.

The next day at th' accustomed hour
When insects leave their secret bower,
No glittering lover came;
His Jonquil gazed around the grove,
And oft in trembling tones of love
She breathed his cherished name.

At first in sorrow's plaintive words,
She dreaded boys, museums, birds,
And patient watched, and sighed;
But soon with sudden frenzy stung,
With throbbing heart, and faltering tongue,
'That horrid Amaranth,' cried.

'While here in dire suspense I die,
Too sure that cruel barbarous fly
Courts yonder trumpery flower;
Am I, less fair, less sweet than she?
Can he, oh false! thus torture me
To flirt with her an hour?

How often did my mother warn
To treat all Butterflies with scorn,
A fickle, fluttering race?
Perfidious too, to call me fair,
To idolize my virtues rare,
And thus my choice disgrace!

Didst thou e'er know thy Jonquil trip?
Bee, Wasp, or Fly, my nectar sip?
Reserved for thee alone;
Ah, wretched flower! Ah, lot severe!
Flies who suspect, their doubts may clear,
I here till death must moan.'

Then drowned in tears, she looked above—
Oh joy!—she saw her feathered love
On Zephyrs' pinions borne,

And she, who not an hour before,
Had vowed she'd ne'er behold him more,
At once forgot her scorn.

She frowned;—but something in her ear
He whispered which I could not hear,
I saw her smiles return;
Whether he'd slept that day too long,
Or roved the green-house plants among
She knew, I ne'er could learn.

ADVERSITY.

FABLE XX.

Veronica, an azure Weed,
In lanes and bushes known,
Long on the borders of a mead
Had unmolested blown.

Once wafted by a western breeze,
Her child the embrio fruit,
To Laura's garden in the vale
Descended and took root.

Left on a bed of plants for seed,
Neglected, and unseen,
Soon sprung and blew the vagrant weed,
And trailed among the green.

From country and relations snatched,
Disconsolate she pined,
And many a Butterfly dispatched
To sisters left behind.

Yet while her heart was far away,
Spite of regret she found,
Her roving sight would often stray
To blooming scenes around.

She saw each pampered garden-flower
Mankind's and Fortune's care,
Some grasping at imagined power,
Some fading in despair.

She saw mean jealousies engage
Each beauteous plant in turn,
Saw malice, spleen, and pride, and care,
In silken bosoms burn.

Then would she cry, with sighs repressed,
'Oh Fate, I blame not thee!
But were I half as much caressed,
How grateful should I be.'

One hot day drooping, scarce alive,
And panting for a shower,
She saw fictitious rains revive
Each fainting plant and flower.

Then first arose her plaintive voice,
And ‘ spare, oh spare,’ she cries,
‘ One drop of moisture to rejoice
A fellow plant that dies.’

The tribes prosperity had trained,
Now wanton, fresh, and gay,
Marked not her moan, or deafness feigned,
And turned their heads away.

The flowers and blossoms watered first,
Next shrubs, who near her grew,
To quench her agonizing thirst
Refused the kindly dew.

But one, a Jasmine crowned with bloom,
More gentle than the rest,
With mercy viewed her wretched doom,
And sympathy expressed.

‘ Poor little bud! how camest thou here
In these luxuriant haunts?
Expect nor help, nor pitying tear,
From pleasure-hardened plants.’

Then shaking from her starry head
A grateful silvery shower,
A momentary succour shed,
And saved the suffering flower.

The story my compassion moved
For one so meek and young,
I bore her to the friends she loved,
The pasture whence she sprung.

FELICITY.

FABLE XXI.

Yon green winding Valley where gurgles the stream,
Conceals in its bosom a farm,
Where Damon has long enjoyed life's pleasant dream,
Free from poverty, vice, and alarm.

When the Summer sun darts perpendicular fires,
On the cottage luxuriantly spread,
A Vine rich with foliage and clusters aspires,
Exalting her beautiful head.

Not the fox-tempting grapes more deliciously glow
As depicted by Æsop of old;
Vagrant shoots o'er the porch their light umbrage bestow,
And flaunt in the breeze uncontrolled.

Ceres, fond of the swain, and the climate, each year
Waves her tresses of gold o'er his fields;
Breathing fragrance and plenty, his hay-ricks are near,
And his orchard rich beverage yields.

The low of the cattle, the flock's distant bell,
Feathered tribes seeking sustenance round.——
Oh 'tis strange sickly Pomp loves in cities to dwell,
While such scenes are mid cottages found!

One evening I strayed, when the hay fields smelt sweet,
And found the old swain in the shade,
His daughter sat spinning, his boys at his feet,
And content on his countenance played.

Fanny led to her garden, serene was the hour,
From the sprites now no murmurs were heard,
Save a murmur of joy from the fortunate flower,
Their beautiful mistress preferred.

But they joined with the Vine in a carol so sweet,
I thought spell-bound nightingales sung,
Ah! how can my uninspired accents repeat
On the air what soft melodies hung?

'Oh pastoral Innocence, daughter of Heaven!
Revisit our Isle,' (was the strain)
'And again to mankind shall be Paradise given,
And Eden shall flourish again.'

WONDER

The Child of Ignorance.

FABLE XXII.

Once on a rock reclined I lay
That o'er the Ocean frowned,
Tempests obscured the face of day,
And lightnings glared around.

Sad sighed the Spirit of the storm,
Congenial with my soul;
Like passing hours of various form
I marked the billows roll.

Some heaved like woes with mighty swell,
And broke with hideous roar,
Some lightly foaming, curled and fell
Like pleasures quickly o'er.

Between loud peals, by livid light,
Or when the horizon cleared,
Th' unbounded waters to my sight
Eternity appeared.

While thus I mused, a powerful blast
My strength could scarce oppose,
Snatched from my bosom as it past
A full-blown damask Rose.

Wafted away, a rocky cleft
The vagabond impedes,
Which (by the ebbing waters left)
Was fringed with oozy weeds.

But who their wonder can describe
To see the blooming love?
She rushed upon the ragged tribe
An angel from above.

Or as on tangled thicket strayed
Decked with health's native hue,
Appears a rosy-tinctured maid,
Among a gipsy crew.

'Whence,' cried the chief of Fucus' race,
'Oh beauteous stranger, say?
What smiling minister of grace
Has hither winged thy way?

Oft has the glorious source of light
At eve thy tints displayed;
Art thou, with crown celestial bright,
From heavenly regions strayed?

The coral caverns of the deep,
Where, as in crystal shrine,
Unnumbered radiant treasures sleep,
Boast not a form like thine.

Portentous being! friend, or foe,
Still let thy slave adore;
Oh bear me, ere the billows flow,
To thine enchanted shore!'

The Rose, whom briny damps assail,
Began to droop and fade,
She felt her strength, her odours fail,
And feebly thus she said:

'Deluded Plant, soon wilt thou see
I claim no heavenly birth,
But know that Power, who rules the sea,
With wonders fills the earth.

Think'st thou that He whose thunders roll,
  Who bids yon lightnings shine,
Who spreads the stars from pole to pole,
  Confines his gifts divine?

Earth, Air, and Ocean, at his voice
  Replete with beauties glow;
No more deceived, in Him rejoice
  From whom all blessings flow.'

NOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

'Her wand a Cowslip's stamen seemed.' P. 1, l. 16.

The stamens are the slender filaments issuing from the centre of flowers, differing in situation, number, &c.

FABLE I.

'The image of the Sun.' P. 6, l. 10.

The Sun-flower, or Helianthus, a native of America.

FABLE II.

'There Lythrum points her purple spears,
Iris her golden standard rears.' P. 8, l. 13, 14.

Lythrum, or purple-spiked Loose-strife, and the yellow or marsh Iris.

'The giant Hemlock held a place.' P. 9, l. 8.

The water Hemlock, which grows to the height of four feet, is a poisonous plant, bears yellowish flowers, and has a purple spotted stalk.

FABLE III.

'Doomed malicious old virgins to fade,
Whom multiplied petals deform,
While she her soft banner displayed.' P. 14, l. 13.

The garden flowers rendered double by cultivation, are barren.

The superior petal of the pea called the standard, or banner, is evidently designed to protect the other parts of the flower from the inclemency of the weather.

FABLE VI.

'Embalmed her in a pot pourri.' P. 26, l. 4.

A well known appendage to a lady's dressing-room, being a mixture of dried flowers, spices, herbs, and musk, put into a vase.

FABLE VIII.

'The Hedysarum loves the sun.' P. 31, l. 10.

The moving Honeysuckle, or Hedysarum-movens, of which there are specimens in the botanic garden of Edinburgh, furnishes the most astonishing instance of vegetable motion. It is a native of the East Indies. Its movements are solely excited by the influence of the sun's rays. When the sun shines, the leaves move briskly in every direction. Their general motion, however, is upward or downward, but they not unfrequently turn almost round, and their footstalks are evidently twisted.

These motions go on incessantly as long as the heat of the sun continues, but they cease during the night, and when the weather is cold or cloudy, &c.

See SMELLIE's Philosophy of Natural History, p. 5.

'While the Mimosa, modest maid.' Ibid. l. 13.

The Mimosa, or Sensitive plant.

'And Lupins whom their buds delight.' Ib. l. 16.

The leaves of the white Lupin, in the state of sleep, hang down, and protect the young buds from being injured by the nocturnal air.

FABLE IX.

'From yonder brake, on rainbow wing.' P. 36, l. 17.

The Burnet moth flies slow morning and evening, and feeds chiefly on furze.

'The flowret fell asleep.' P. 38, l. 16.

The flower of the Campanula closes at night.

FABLE X.

P. 39.

This fable was addressed to Mr. Pye in consequence of a conversation on the subject of the Seasons, and of his opinion introduced in his novel of The Aristocrat, Chap. 52.

FABLE XI.

'My country cousin, why so near?' P. 45, l. 13.

The Polyanthus is only a variation of the Primula genus, comprehending Primrose, Oxlip, Cowslip, and Polyanthus.

FABLE XIII.

'Oh! then in pleading strain, cried she.' P. 53, l. 1.

The thought expressed in the three stanzas of the complaint of the Hare-bell, was partly taken from a little German song of a Violet and a Shepherdess, which was rendered for the author into English prose.

FABLE XIV.

P. 55.

Silene quinque vulnera, or variegated Catchfly, so called from the clammy juice exuding from the stalks under each pair of leaves, sufficiently glutinous to entangle small flies.

The petals are remarkable for the deep red spots in the centre, like drops of blood, as if the flower had received five wounds.

FABLE XIX.

'Descendant of the garden's pride.' P. 74, l. 7.

The Jonquil belongs to the Narcissus genus.

FABLE XX.

Page 78.

Veronica, or wild Speedwell, a trailing plant.

FABLE XXII.

'Whence cried the chief of Fucus' race.' P. 85, l. 17.

The sea weeds are included in three genera, Alva or Laver, Fucus, and Conserva.

THE END.

Printed by T. Bensley,

BOLT-COURT, FLEET-STREET, LONDON.

Here, here it was (a wae light on the pleace!)
'At first I gat a gliff o' Betty's feace. BASHFUL SHEPHERD.

POEMS,

Humorous and Sentimental:

CONSISTING OF

CUMBERLAND PASTORALS:

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS;

EPISTLES, FABLES, SONGS, AND EPIGRAMS.

BY THE

REV. JOSIAH RELPH.

WITH

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR.

Embellished with Picturesque Engravings on Wood by Bewick.

"THE POETIC GENIUS OF MY COUNTRY BADE ME SING THE LOVES, THE "JOYS, THE RURAL SCENES AND RURAL PLEASURES OF MY NATIVE SOIL, IN "MY NATIVE TONGUE. I TUNED MY WILD, ARTLESS NOTES, AS SHE "INSPIRED." BURNS.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY VERNOR AND HOOD, AND CHAMPANTE AND WHITROW, JEWRY-STREET.

1805.

[*Price 5s. in Boards.*]

Newcastle on Tyne:
Printed by J. Mitchell, Dean-Street.

THE LIFE

OF THE

REV. JOSIAH RELPH.

In becoming the historian of events which have been the primary or assisting causes of some great revolution, or in relating the prominent actions of an able statesman, a profound politician, or a distinguished warrior, the narrator is actuated by a desire to present the fruits of his labour to the public in as polished a manner as possible, and his fame is frequently consulted before the truth. It happens however, not unfrequently, that a spirit of moderation is preserved, which tends to give us instruction, even though the information be not correct.—But these Memoirs are of a different cast: they are not calculated for the meridian of fashion. No failings are liable to be wounded, except vice; and no dispositions are likely to be disgusted, except such as are inimical to domestic felicity.

The character we mean to pourtray stands but little indebted to foreign assistance for the improvement of a genius which seems natural and intuitive. From his earliest years he displayed a propensity to compose; but these exercises were merely for his own amuse-

THE life of an amiable man, distinguished both as a Clergyman and a Poet, might be naturally expected to abound with literary anecdotes, which however is not the case; neither is there a single trait in his conduct

"Which spoils the credit of a generous fame."

A regular display of suavity of manners seems to have been his general characteristic. There appear but few singularities or eccentricities in his conduct, except those which proceeded from the goodness of his heart. His modesty with respect to his own genius savours of timidity, and will probably by some be denominated weakness; for he bestowed as much pains to prevent himself being known, as others under the same predicament would have done to bring themselves into notice. Whatever motive influenced him to do a good action, it was certainly different from that of most other men: like the benevolent Howard, he was uneasy when he became the subject of conversation, and would have blushed if any action he performed was thought worthy of a compliment.

DURING the whole of his life, from the time he commenced a teacher of youth, did he continue in that situation; and even though he exerted himself for their improvement to the utmost extent of his abilities, we find that he frequently experienced ingratitude both from his scholars and their parents—a circumstance which impressed his mind with the most poignant

sensations. It appears from his papers, that he noted upon these occasions the feelings of his mind, which demonstrate what a conscientious regard he paid to that which he conceived his duty.—"*January* 21, 1737. "*When any of the boys under my care do not make such* "*improvement in learning and goodness as, from my* "*endeavours, I might be justified in expecting: and* "*when also they leave the school without expressing that* "*gratitude which I think I might have looked for: or* "*when the parents disapprove of my methods or discipline* "*—let me be particularly on my guard not to abate of* "*my care of those still left in my charge: and, regard-* "*ing the censures I am exposed to, so far only as that I* "*may amend what, on an impartial self-examination,* "*I find to be really wrong, let it be my consolation to* "*recollect, that, if I do my duty in the station of life* "*to which the good providence of God has called me,* "*though I miss my reward here, I shall not finally go* "*unrewarded.*"

The disagreeable occurrences of his life being mostly of a domestic nature, he exercised a truly christian philosophy to repress the indignant feelings of his mind. He had a step-mother who was unkind to him, and his sister frequently experiencing similar treatment, his fraternal affection was exemplary. His father was apt to justify the harsh embullitions of the step-mother's anger—an injury, though he forgave, he never could forget. Amid these family disagreements,

he would retire to his "FAVOURITE FOUNTAIN,"† and pour out his mind to his Creator. His meditations in these moments of distress present him in a most amiable point of view.—"*Give me grace, O God,* "*always to have charity for the bad, and civility to all;* "*whilst I yet resolve to have intimacies with but few.* "*May I hate nothing but vice, and love nothing but* "*virtue. And whilst I continue, as I ought, to consider* "*the glory of God, and the salvation of my own soul, as* "*the main end which I propose to myself in life, teach* "*me to consider present suffering as an earnest of future* "*enjoyment; and even sickness and sorrow as sent in* "*mercy to prepare me for that better state, which cannot* "*now, I trust, be very distant.*"

THIS fountain to which we allude was both the scene of exquisite felicity to our poet and the solace of his grief. Situated on the banks of the Caldew, it overhung that beautiful river, and presented in the perspective a richness of scenery which the Medway cannot equal, nor the Avon surpass. Here the chanting melody of the blackbird and thrush proved a chearful accompanyment to Relph's solitary muse. Here, like the advocate of the Pastoral Ages, he entertained, with patriarchal simplicity, his select party of friends; and, like the pure fountain which diffused its limpid stream under their feet, he "poured, with

† See the Vignette in the title-page.—This fountain is situated at a place called CRAGG-TOP.

rapturous friendship, on the soul" the social effusions of humorous pleasantry, combined with salutary reflection.

His general character was happily calculated to infuse a favourable idea of pure religion. He was so averse to cavilling about the abstract questions of sectarian controversy, that his esteem was frequently bestowed on men whose ideas of religion were entirely opposite to his own. It was not the profession of religion which ensured his regard, but the zealous practice of its duties. The probity of a man's professions can only be ascertained by the integrity of his life, the consistency of his morals, and the benevolence of his mind. By this criterion he judged of mankind—the surest test of their sincerity.

As a Clergyman, he seems to have studied the tempers and dispositions of his parochial charge, so as to mould them into the grateful form of peaceable, humane, and good men.—The predecessor of Relph, Mr. James Kenyers, though possessed of the best of hearts, seems to have mistaken the true object of religion in his instructions. Too apt to mingle the gall of austerity with the terrors of puritanical enthusiasm, he was not likely to make converts of men whose ideas of religion were formed in the school of last century. Ignorance and social rusticity were the prominent features of their character; and to render religion pleasing, it was necessary first to inform them. Of this Mr. Relph seems to have been aware. Religion

appeared, under the dress he assumed, amiable and inviting; and, before he gave his instructions, he paved the way, not only by the benevolence and morality of own character, but by the social and chearful manner with which his discourses were inculcated.—The eloquence of his preaching did not consist in a well-turned period, nor in the unintelligible jargon of school divinity: he was a lover of mankind, and wished to render every one happy within his power; he therefore addressed them in a language they all understood; and when he spoke, his feelings indicated, by the expression of his countenance, that he was in earnest.

THE aged villager, who remembers the days of Relph, repeats with awe the circumstances of wonder and astonishment which attended the footsteps of our poet in his midnight excursions.—The editor of the first edition of his poems says that he composed about eighty sermons; and the Rev. Mr. BOUCHER, in his biographical account of Relph in the History of Cumberland, informs us, that these sermons were the result of "his solitary contemplations and *night-thoughts* "in the church-yard."—To this unaccountable whim of Relph's composing his sermons in the church and church-yard, is to be ascribed the tales of the "terror-struck" matron,

> Who held each tale devoutly true——
> When ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
> Their pebbled beds permitted leave,

And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men! COLLINS.

THE abilities of Relph as a Schoolmaster have always been held in the highest estimation. He left too many living specimens of his talents, to question the propriety of that opinion: and, in corroboration of its truth, we have the testimony of the late Mr. Walker, Lecturer upon Natural Philosophy, in our favour. That gentleman opened a course of lectures at Sebergham a few years posterior to the death of Relph; and, from the conversation he held with the inhabitants, the questions with which they interrogated him, and the observations in general made, he frequently declared, that in no part of England did he ever discover more extensive information, and no where was he better understood.

RELPH employed some of his leisure time in collecting monuments of antiquity, with which many parts of Cumberland abound. But we cannot learn where these curiosities were deposited, though we have the evidence of his first editor that he collected several.

IT has been said the authors of some former accounts of our poet given to the world were more properly his encomiasts than his biographers. Aware of this idea, though we have collected from indisputable documents, it would be transgressing the line of impartiality, were we to say they have done him more than justice. His life was a public one, consequently his virtues were not likely to remain unknown. But

that he had no failings, or that his biographers mention none, is the objection. Humanity is strangely commixed, and there are few men possessed of great virtues, who have not some failings, which operate as a foil to their general character.—Such failings Relph undoubtedly had; but they arose from a sanguine temparament of mind, which, when obstructed, was apt to run into extremes, and render him peevish and unhappy.

He was conscious he had weaknesses, and his philosophy and religion were exerted to remove them. He had reason however to be angry with the conduct of his father, in feeding an unwarrantable antipathy against him, at the instigation of his wife, Relph's step-mother.—He paid a most religious regard to the axiom, "*Honour thy father*," &c. and in doing so he sacrificed his peace of mind, in dwelling under his father's roof after repeated insults. Besides regularly paying for his board and lodging, he even reimbursed the expence his father had been at in his education.—He at last, oppressed with grief, was forced to leave his father's house; and it was not till after repeated intreaties (though his health had long been on the decline), and his father had begged his forgiveness for the injuries he had done him, that he was prevailed on to return.

Not long after this, our poet paid the debt of nature; but there is scarcely a period of his life more illustrative of his real character than his latter

moments. Prepared as he was for the event (having long laboured under an hectic consumption), with a manly philosophy, he collected all his scholars a few days before his death, to inform them of his situation, and to give them an admonitory lesson before he died. The purport of his instructions is still remembered by his surviving pupils with the venerable awe of a man whose memory is deified in their minds. To appropriate his address to their different capacities, he sent for them individually, and in an advice adapted to the disposition of the person to whom he spoke, he inculcated the duties of morality and religion. He called to their recollection the many lessons he had given them, and dwelt with peculiar force on the propriety of forming religious habits; that, amid the various avocations of life, they ought to address that Being who gave them existence, and from whom their happiness was solely derived; to view the advantages which honour and riches, power and wealth, might give them, as of little use, unless made subservient to the happiness of their fellow creatures, the promotion of benevolence and good-will, the relief of distressed humanity, and the advancement of virtue.

He likewise sent for several poor people in his neighbourhood, who laboured under any particular misfortune, and not only made them pecuniary presents as large as his finances would allow, but consoled them, in a most affecting manner, under their respective calamities; and, in conclusion, observed, that that

God, who supplies with a munificent hand the wants of the fowls of the air, who distributes food in plenteous profusion throughout the earth, for man and beast, would not neglect the poor and the unfortunate.

THUS died JOSIAH RELPH, June 26th, 1743, in the 32d year of his age, regretted by all who knew him. He died in the same house where he was born, and was buried in Sebergham church-yard, the scene of many a nightly walk. In the year 1794, the Rev. Mr. BOUCHER, much to the honour of his liberality, caused a neat monument to be erected to his memory, with the following inscription:

M. S.

Reverendi viri, JOSIÆ RELPH,
Cujus id erat ingenium, ea eruditio,
Et tantus animi candor, morumque sanctitas,
Ut illustrius quodlibet in ecclesia munus
Digne sustinuisset et ornasset.
Deo aliter visum est!
Partes ergo humiliores, haud forsan inutiliores
Ludimagistri et hujusce ecclesiæ sacerdotis
Lubenter excepit,
Et constantissime explevit.
CAMÆNIS amicus,
Mores egrestes, tanquam alius THEOCRITUS, feliciter cecinit
De brevitate vitæ, lector, ne queraris!
En virum, brevis quidem ævi, si numerentur anni,
Sin recte facta et virtutes spectes, longissimi!
Hic et enim, magno cum dolore omnium,
Sibi vero maximo cum lucro,
Ante obiit, quam annum 32dum absolvisset:
vi Cal. Jul. A. D. 1743.

TRANSLATION.

Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. JOSIAH RELPH,
Whose Genius and Learning,
Whose Candour of Mind and Purity of Morals,
Would have supported with Propriety, and adorned
The highest Offices in the Church.
But Heaven ordered it otherwise!
It was his Lot to move in the humbler,
Though not less useful Capacity
Of a Schoolmaster and Minister of this Parish.
He undertook their Duties willingly,
And faithfully discharged them.
Devoted to the MUSES,
Like another THEOCRITUS, he sung, in happy Strains,
The unpolished Manners of rural Life.
READER,
Do not complain
About the Shortness of his Abode on Earth!
Lo, man! indeed of a contracted Age,
If his Years are reckoned;
But, if you properly examine his Actions and his Virtues,
He was very old;
For he, to the great Grief of all,
(But to himself a most happy Event)
Died JUNE 26th, 1743,
Before he had completed his 32d Year.

MR. RELPH, in stature, was tall, yet genteel; had a commanding aspect; and, when he began to speak, the quickness of his eye, with the expression of his countenance, indicated such marks of a superior genius, as always to leave a strong prepossession in his favour.—He became at times rather peevish, con-

sequently severe and forbidding; but, when he mixed in company, the cloud was dispelled from his brow, his conversation was animated, and his thoughts were expressed with neatness and perspicuity.

THE manner of his living was rather singular.—He accustomed himself to milk and vegetables, and his principal beverage was water.—It would be harsh however to attribute his death to this cause: it is more probable that his consumptive habit originated from the cold he might receive in his midnight walks.

THESE Poems were never published during the lifetime of Relph; but were left by him at his death to a neighbouring lady, with no other recommendation, than a hope that the perusal of them would afford her an agreeable amusement, as the writing of them had done him. She had, however, too much veneration for the memory of her deceased friend, to withhold from the public so striking a proof of his genius and abilities.

WE cannot give our readers a more just idea of the merits of these Poems, than by transcribing the following character of them, given by the Rev. Mr. BOUCHER:—"RELPH's merit as a poet has long been felt and acknowledged. We do not indeed presume to recommend him to those high-soaring critics, who affect to be pleased with nothing but the *vivida vis*, the energy and majestic grandeur of poetry. His verses aspire only to the character of being natural, terse, and easy: and that character they certainly merit in

an extraordinary degree. His Fables may vie with Gay's for smoothness of diction; and are superior to Gay's, by having their moral always obvious and apt. But it is on his Pastorals in the Cumberland dialect that, if we might presume to seat ourselves in the chair of criticism, we would found his pretensions to poetical fame. That our opinion is perfectly right, it might be presumptuous in us to suppose; but we certainly have persuaded ourselves, that a dialect is, if not essential, yet highly advantageous, to pastoral poetry: and that the rich, strong, Doric dialect of this county is, of all dialects, the most proper. On this ground, Relph's Pastorals have transcendent merit. With but a little more of sentiment in them, and perhaps tenderness, they would very nearly come up to that inimitably beautiful pastoral, The Gentle Shepherd of Allan Ramsay. In short, these Cumberland eclogues are, in Englsih, what we suppose those of Theocritus to have been in Greek. The ideas, as well as the language, are perfectly rural; yet neither the one nor the other are either vulgar or coarse. Pope's Pastorals (and perhaps Gay's too in an inferior degree) are so trim and courtly, that the language of his shepherds and shepherdesses is as polished, and their ideas as refined, as if *all their lives in courts had been:* whilst Philips's damsels and swains, notwithstanding the uncouth rusticity of their names, are so affected, as to be quite unnatural. Relph drew his portraits from real life: and so faithful were his transcripts, that there

was hardly a person in the village, who could not point out those who had sate for his Cursty and Peggy.—The Amorous Maiden was well known; and died a few years ago, at an advanced age.

"The character of Relph's muse was a natural elegant ease and simplicity. He loved indeed to survey, though at a distance, the sublimities of Carrock and Skiddaw and Saddleback: but was contented to cull a few simple wild flowers that bloomed spontaneously in some neglected dells on the banks of the Caldew.

"In delineating the passions and customs operative on low life, he is inimitable. And that critic must be insensible to the beauties of nature, and propriety of character, who does not with pleasure accompany our bard, whilst, with a picturesque accuracy, he discriminates the peculiarities, and describes the undistinguished and innocent loves of the Damons and Chloes of the vale of Sebergham."

Besides the Poems that have been already published, he wrote, at a very early age, others of a miscellaneous nature, though much inferior in point of merit. Many of the Greek and Roman writers he either wholly or partially translated. Among his unpublished translations are—The Treatise of Consolation generally ascribed to Cicero; Epictetus's Enchiridion; the Table or Picture of Cebes; the Epistles of Pliny; and several Orations from Cicero and Isocrates.

THE

CONTENTS.

PASTORALS, &c.

HARVEST, or the Bashful Shepherd, in the Cumberland Dialect - - - - - - - - - - 3
The Walk - - - - - - - - - - 8
On Tea - - - - - - - - - - 10
Hay-Time, or the Constant Lovers - - - - 11
The Favourite Fountain - - - - - 16
Written with a Pebble on a Rock at Corby-Castle, &c. 19
On the fine Gardens at Corby - - - - *ib.*
The Wish - - - - - - - - - 20
The Despairing Shepherd - - - - - *ib.*
The Wish - - - - - - - - - 21
St. Agnes' Fast, or the Amorous Maiden - - 22
On the Death of Amyntas - - - - - 25
Celia Singing - - - - - - - - 27
The Poet's Petition - - - - - - 28
Occasioned by a little Miss's bursting into Tears upon reading the Ballad of "The Babes in the Wood" - - 29
Written after reading Pamela, or Virtue rewarded - 31

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

The Battle of the Giants, a Fragment, from Claudian 35
Horace, Book II. Ode XXI. - - - - - - 41
———, Book II. Ode VII. in the Cumberland Dialect 43
From Boetius - - - - - - - - 44
Quiet Life, from Martial - - - - - 45
True Happiness, from Appollodorus - - - 46
Pythagoras' Golden Verses - - - - - 48
Seneca, an Exile in Corsica - - - - - 51
The 19th Idylium of Theocritus, attempted in the Cumberland Dialect - - - - - - - - - 53
De Paulo Canente, &c. - - - - - - 54
The Story of Pyramus and Thisbe, from the 4th Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses - - - - - - - 56

Epitaph on Paris, from Martial - - - - 62
Sir Thomas More - - - - - - - - 63
Horace, Book I. Ode VIII. imitated in the Cumberland Dialect - - - - - - - - - 64
In Imitation of Horace, Book IV. Ode X. - - 65
———— of Horace, Book I. Ode XXVII. - - 66
———— of Horace, Book I. Ode XI. - - - 67
———— of Psalm CXXXI. - - - - 68
———— of Psalm CXXIII. - - - - 69

EPISTLES.

A Burlesque Epistle to Mr. John Cowper - - - 73
To the Printer of the Kendal Courant - - - 75
An Epistle to Mr. ——, on his Return from Glasgow College 78
To the Rev. ——, on his visiting a sick Person, 1729 79
A Burlesque Epistle to the Rev. Mr. —— - - 80
An Epistle to Mr. Cowper, at Penrith - - - 82
An Epistle to Captain Crosby, at Carlisle - - 83
An Epistle to Mr. ——, at Oxford - - - 85
Another Epistle to the same - - - - 87
To the Rev. Mr. —— - - - - 88
To Mr. Cowper, in Love - - - - 89
To a Young Lady learning Arithmetic - - 92
To the Rev. Mr. Cowper, on his Voyage to Dublin - *ib.*

FABLES.

Fable I. The Boy and the Birds - - - 95
II. The Sparrows and the Robin - - *ib.*
III. The Snails and the Fruit - - - 96
IV. The too-free Nag - - - - 97
V. The Petted Nag - - - - 98
VI. The Boy and the Sparrows - - 99
VII. The Husbandman and the Horse - - 100
VIII. The Sluggard and the Sun - - 101
IX. The Goose and the Hen - - - 102

SONGS.

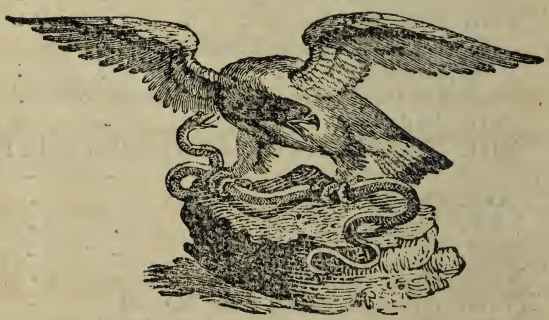
Song I. All female charms I own, my fair, - 105
II. On a downy bank I lye - - - *ib.*
III. While other nymphs make hapless swains 106

SONG IV. One Sunday morn, in chearful May, - 107
V. When Damon first to Chloe spoke - - 109
VI. Nelly Dove - - - - 110
VII. A thousand charms can Lesbia boast - 112
VIII. Why sighs my dear friend from the depth of his soul - - - - - *ib.*
IX. Come, Pastora, come away - - 113
X. Damon and Chloe, in Imitation of Horace 115
XI. In Imitation of Horace, Book II. Ode XXVI. 117
XII. O what a deal of beauties rare - - 118
XIII. Lucinda summons ev'ry charm - - 119
XIV. Hark! that solemn sound is one! - - 120
XV. What charms has Chloe! - - - 122

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I. Lubricilla - - - - 125
II. To Dean Swift, on a Report that he designed to leave his Fortune to build an Hospital for Idiots - . - - *ib.*
III. Lollius - - - - *ib.*
IV. Lesbia - - - - 126
V. Celia . . . . . *ib.*
VI. To a Young Lady, after losing at Whisk *ib.*
VII. From the Greek . . . 127
VIII. Advice to Strephon . . . *ib.*
IX. On a Wrangling Couple, from Martial 128
X. Catullus . . . . *ib.*
XI. On the Author of a late Sermon, &c. . *ib.*
XII. Delia - - - - - 129
XIII. To the Ladies, on the Recantation in the Kendal Courant - - - - *ib.*
XIV. Orinda - - - - 130
XV. Damon - - . - *ib.*
XVI. - - - - - *ib.*
XVII. From the Delic - - - 131
XVIII. Arra and Pætus, from Martial - *ib.*
XIX. To Narcissa, who took it ill to have me called her Lover - - - *ib.*
XX. On Varus - - - - 132
XXI. - - - - - *ib.*
XXII. Acerra, from Martial - - *ib.*
XXIII. Over a Glass of Birch Wine, extempore 133

EPIGRAM *XXIV.* To Thomas Denton, Esq. - 133
XXV. From Nicolaus Faber - - *ib.*
XXVI. To Mr. Green, under a Decay, and debarred by his Doctors from drinking - 134
XXVII. The Grasshopper, from Anacreon *ib.*
XXVIII. From Martial - - - 135
XXIX. From Anacreon - - - 136
XXX. From Martial - - - *ib.*
XXXI. Eliza at Church - - - 137
XXXII. From Martial - - - *ib.*
XXXIII. From Buchanan - - - *ib.*
XXXIV. Occasioned by the Death of a young Girl 138
XXXV. From Martial - - - *ib.*
XXXVI. The Worm-Doctor - - 139
XXXVII. From Martial - - - *ib.*
XXXVIII. The Hour-Glass, from Amaltheus 140
XXXIX. From Martial - - - *ib.*
XL. On the Storms at Sea, and the King's safe Arrival in Britain - - 141
XLI. From Martial - - - *ib.*



PASTORALS, &c.

HARVEST,

OR, THE

BASHFUL SHEPHERD.

IN THE

CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

WHEN welcome rain the weary reapers drove
Beneath the shelter of a neighbouring grove;
ROBIN, a love-sick swain, lagg'd far behind,
Nor seem'd the weight of falling showers to mind;
A distant solitary shade he sought,
And thus disclos'd the troubles of his thought:—
Ay, ay, thur drops may cuil my out-side heat;
Thur callar blasts may wear the boilen sweat;—
But my het bluid, my heart aw in a bruil,
Nor callar blasts can wear, nor drops can cuil.

Here, here it was (a wae light on the pleace!)
At first I gat a gliff o' BETTY's feace:
Blyth on this trod the smurker tripp'd, and theer,
At the deail-head, unluckily we shear:
Heedless I glim'd, nor could my een command,
Till gash the sickle went into my hand:
Down hell'd the bluid,—the shearers aw brast out
In sweels of laughter,—BETTY luik'd about;—
Reed grew my fingers, reeder far my feace,—
What cou'd I de in seck a dispert kease?

Away I sleeng'd, to grandy made my mean;
My grandy (God be wud her, now she's geane)
Skilfu', the gushen bluid wi' cockwebs staid,
Then on the sair an healen plaister laid:

The healen plaister eas'd the painful sair;—
The arr indeed remains—but naething mair.
Not sae that other wound, that inward smart,—
My grandy cou'd not cure a bleedin heart.
I've bworn the bitter torment three lang year,
And aw my life-time mun be fworc'd to bear,
'Less BETTY will a kind physician pruive;
For nin but she has skill to medcin luive.
But how should honest BETTY give relief?
BETTY's a perfet stranger to my grief:
Oft I've resolv'd my ailment to explain;
Oft I've resolv'd indeed—but all in vain:
A springin blush spred fast owr aither cheek,
Down ROBIN luik'd, and deuce a word cou'd speak.
Can I forget that night!—I never can—
When on the clean-sweep'd hearth the spinnels ran:
The lasses drew their line wi' busy speed;
The lads as busy minded every thread;
When, sad! the line sae slender BETTY drew,
Snap went the thread, and down the spinnel flew:
To me it meade—the lads began to glop—
What cou'd I de? I mud, mud take it up;
I tuik it up, and (what gangs pleaguy hard)
E'en reach'd it back without the sweet reward.

O lastin stain! e'en yet it's eith to treace
A guilty conscience in my blushen feace:
I fain wou'd wesh it out, but never can;
Still fair it bides, like bluid of sackless man.

Nought sae was Wully bashfu'—Wully spy'd
A pair of scissars at the lass's side;
Thar lows'd, he sleely dropp'd the spinnel down—
And what said BETTY?—BETTY struive to frown;
Up flew her hand to souse the cowren lad,
But, ah! I thought it fell not down owr fad:
What follow'd I think mickle to repeat—
My teeth aw watter'd then—and watter yet.

E'en weel is he 'at ever he was bworn!
He's free frae aw this bitterment and scworn!
What! mun I still be fash'd wi' straglen sheep,
Wi' far-fetch'd sighs, and things I said asleep;
Still shamefully left snafflen by my sell,
And still, still dogg'd wi' the damn'd name o' *mell!*

Whare's now the pith (this luive! the deuce ga' wi't!)
The pith I show'd whene'er we struive to beat;
When a lang lwonin through the cworn I meade,
And, bustlin far behind, the leave survey'd.

Dear heart! that pith is geane, and comes nae mair,
Till BETTY's kindness sall the loss repair:

And she's not like (how sud she?) to be kind,
Till I have freely spoken out my mind;
Till I have learn'd to feace the maiden clean,
Oil'd my slow tongue, and edg'd my sheepish een.
A buik there is—a buik—the neame—shem faw't!
Some thing o' compliments I think they caw't,
'At meakes a clownish lad a clever spark:
O hed I this! this buik wad de my wark;
And I's resolv'd to have't, whatever't cost:
My flute—for what's my flute if BETTY's lost?
And, if sae bonny a lass but be my pride,
I need not any comforts lait beside.
Farewel my flute then, yet ere Carl fair
I to the stationer's will straight repair,
And boldly for thur compliments enquear;
Care I a fardin, let the 'prentice jeer.
That duine, a handsome letter I'll indite,
Handsome as ever country lad did write;
A letter 'at sall tell her aw I feel,
And aw my wants, without a blush, reveal.
But now the clouds brek off, and sineways run;
Out frae his shelter lively luiks the sun;
Brave hearty blasts the droopin barley dry,
The lads are gawn to shear—and sae mun I.

THE WALK.

As through the grove's delicious gloom
With Zephyrissa bless'd I roam,
No more the pensive turtles pine;
The turtles lose their love in mine.

The warbler, heedless of his lays,
My goddess eyes with ardent gaze;
To songs his bosom bids adieu,—
His bosom heaves with raptures new.

Officiously the breezes wait,
The fair one's fervours to abate:
But soon themselves the breezes glow,
And ask the cooling aid they owe.

Why darts the fair-fac'd god of day
Among the boughs so fierce a ray?
The god, invidious, would impair
The beauties of a face more fair.

In robes of richest, rarest dye,
The flowers, enamour'd, court her eye;
Then sigh their souls, in zephyrs sweet,—
How proud to languish at her feet!

The crowded boughs her bosom kiss,
All trembling with ecstatic bliss;
Then seize, as oft her swain has done,
Her garment, griev'd to part so soon.

O still, my charmer, stay and rove,
Thus still a goddess of the grove!
How tasteless is thy tea, my dear,
And O how sweet our nectar here!

Nor dread the beauteous scene's decay,
If Zephyrissa deign to stay;
Still beauteous shall the scene appear,
And spring smile joyous all the year.

ON TEA.

Let poets praise, in rapt'rous dreams,
Their pretty naiads, purling streams;
No stream purls half so sweet as ours,
No naiad half so pretty pours.

Her powerful cups let Circe bless,
And men transform to savages;
Of happier force, our charmer's can
Polish the savage into man.

Medea's potions may bestow
On aged blood a youthful flow;
Chloe's, of power yet more uncouth,
Quicken the very flow of youth.

And, Jove, tho' Hebe crown thy treat
With nectar and ambrosia sweet;
We envy not, while we can boast
Our as delicious tea and toast.

Hasty in rows they rak'a the meadow's pride,
Then sank amid the softness side by side. CONSTANT LOVERS.

HAY-TIME;

OR, THE

CONSTANT LOVERS.

CURSTY AND PEGGY.

WARM shone the sun, the wind as warmly blew,
No longer cool'd by draughts of morning-dew;
When in the field a faithful pair appear'd,
A faithful pair full happily endear'd:
Hasty in rows they rak'd the meadow's pride,
Then sank amid the softness side by side,
To wait the withering force of wind and sun,
And thus their artless tale of love begun.

CURSTY.

A finer hay-day seer was never seen,
The greenish sops already luik less green;
As weel the greenish sops will suin be dry'd,
As Sawney's 'bacco spread by th' ingle side.

PEGGY.

And see how finely strip'd the fields appear,
Strip'd like the gowan 'at I on Sundays wear;
White shows the rye, the big of blaker hue,
The bluimen pezz greenment wi' reed and blue.

CURSTY.

Let other lads to spworts and pastimes run,
And spoil their Sunday clease, and clash their shoon;
If Peggy in the field my partner be,
To work at hay is better spwort to me.

PEGGY.

Let other lasses ride to Rosley-fair,
And mazle up and down the market there;
I envy not their happy treats and them,
Happier my sell, if Roger bides at heame.

CURSTY.

It's hard aw day the heavy scy' to swing ;
But if my lass a holesome breakfast bring,
E'en mowing-time is better far, I swear,
Than Cursenmas and aw its dainty chear.

PEGGY.

Far is the gursin off, top full the kits ;
But if my Cursty bear the milk by fits,
For gallopin to wakes I ne'er gan wood,
For ey'ry night's a wake, or full as good.

CURSTY.

Can thou remember, I remember't weel,
Sin, call wee things, we claver'd owr yon steel ;
Lang wully-wands for hoops I yust to bay,
To meake my canny lass a leady gay.

PEGGY.

Then dadg'd we to the bog owr meadows dree,
To plet a sword and seevy cap for thee ;
Set off with seevy cap and seevy sword,
My Cursty luik'd as great as anny lword.

CURSTY.

Beneath a dyke, full menny a langsome day,
We sat, and beelded houses fine o' clay;
For dishes, acorn-cups stuid dess'd in rows,
And broken pots for dublers mens'd the waws.

PEGGY.

O may we better houses get than thar,
Far larger dishes, doublers brighter far;
And ever mair delighted may we be,
I to meake Cursty fine, and Cursty me!

CURSTY.

Right oft at schuil I've spelder'd owr thy rows,
Full menny a time I've foughten in thy cause;
And when in winter miry ways let in,
I bore thee on my back thro' thick and thin.

PEGGY.

As suin as e'er I learn'd to kest a loup,
Warm mittens wapp'd thy fingers warmly up;
And when at heels I spy'd thy stockings out,
I darn'd them suin, or suin set on a clout.

CURSTY.

O how I lik'd to see thee on the fleer!
At spworts, if I was trier, to be seer
I reach'd the fancy ruddily to thee,
For nin danc'd hawf sae weel in Cursty's ee.

PEGGY.

O how I swet, when, for the costly prize,
Thou grupp'd some lusty lad of greater size;
But when I saw him scrawlen on the plain,
My heart aw flacker'd for't, I was sae fain.

CURSTY.

See! owr the field the whurling sunshine whiews,
The shadow fast the sunshine fair pursues;
From Cursty thus oft Peggy seem'd to haste,
As fair she fled, he after her as fast.

PEGGY.

Ay, laddy, seem'd indeed for truth to tell,
Oft wittingly I stummer'd, oft I fell,
Pretendin some unlucky wramp or strean,
For Cursty's kind, guid-natur'd heart to mean.

CURSTY.

Sweet is this kiss as smell of dwallow'd hay,
Or the fresh prumrose on the furst o' May;
Sweet to the teaste as pears or apples moan,
Nay, sweeter than the sweetest honeycomb.

PEGGY.

But let us rise—the sun's owr Carrock fell,
And, luik!—whae's yon 'at's walking to the well?
Up, Cursty, up! for God's sake let me gang,
For fear the maister put us in a sang!

THE
FAVOURITE FOUNTAIN.

FIES NOBILIUM TU QUOQUE FONTIUM.

HAIL, sweet solace of my care!
As the Sabine fountain fair!
And where mine the Sabine's lays,
Thou should'st rival it in praise.
Boast old springs a sacred train,
Of their nymphs and satyrs vain;—

Often here, at evening walk,
With the POWER SUPREME *I talk.* FAVOURITE FOUNTAIN.

Frequent to thy streams repair
Swains as merry, maids as fair,
Boast old poets in their bowers
To converse with heavenly powers;—
Often here, at evening walk,
With the Power Supreme I talk.
Softly hurls the stream along,
O how gentle, yet how strong!
Sweetly murmuring in its flow,
Nor too loud, nor yet too low;
Touch'd with cold nor heat extreme,
Pierce the frost or beat the beam;
Knowing nor to grow nor fail,
Rage of storms nor droughts prevail;
Rise the mud or fall the shower,
Spotless ever, ever pure.
May my life be like my theme,
Such a little chearful stream;
Nor in hurry wildly spent,
Nor quite flat and indolent:
Thus resistless let me lay,
Every ear attentive stay,
And each care-distracted breast,
Sooth enchantingly to reſt.

Let not Fortune's smile or frown
Raise me up or cast me down,
Still the same, unalter'd still,
Change she fickle as she will.
May I always be inclin'd
To advantage human kind;
But most ready to dispense
Benefits on indigence.
Thro' this world, and its vain toys,
Sullying pleasures, soiling joys,
Let me wander without blame,
Pure returning as I came.

WRITTEN WITH A PEBBLE

ON A ROCK AT CORBY-CASTLE,

Upon seeing the fine Works in the Gardens there.

LET Protestants no more dispute
That miracles appear,
A single instance might confute,
But see a thousand here.

ON THE

FINE GARDENS AT CORBY.

FOR Paradise's seat no more
Let travellers search on Persia's shore;
Its groves still flourishing appear
Upon the east of Eden here.

THE WISH.

If some good-natur'd power divine
Shall deign to see this shade of mine,
And if that God (as gods have been
Delighted with a rural scene)
Well pleas'd, shall promise to impart
The bliss that heaves my longing heart,
This wish I'll readily present—
"Make me in ev'ry state content."

THE

DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

Since my dear Damascena's lost,
The only blessing life could boast,
These streams that roll far, far below,
Shall free me from this state of woe.

Oft in those sweetly cooling streams,
Oft have I bath'd my burning limbs;
Your favours, gentle streams, repeat,
And cool once more my raging heat.

Then to the banks, where dwells my dear,
This breathless carcass kindly bear;
Ah no! in silence waft it by,
For fear the sight offend her eye.

Her charms at leisure to survey,
My ghost shall hover night and day,
Still watching, with officious care,
Occasions to oblige the fair.

THE WISH.

As in a vale through silent groves,
A little pleasing riv'let roves;
Now here now there delights to stray,
And cheats with murm'ring songs the way,
Till weary with the wand'ring race,
It sinks into its sire's embrace:—

In some lone place I'd pass my life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares and strife;
And when my clear, unclouded light
Gives way to gloomy shades of night,
Weary with sport, with sleep oppress'd,
I'd gently sink to endless rest.

ST. AGNES'S FAST;

OR, THE

AMOROUS MAIDEN.

How lang I've fasted, and 'tis hardly four,—
This day I doubt 'ill ne'er be gitten owr;
And theer as lang a night, aleis! beside,—
I lall thought fasts seck fearfu' things to bide.
Fie, Roger, fie!—a sairy lass to wrang,
And let her aw this trouble undergang:
What gars thee stay?—indeed it's badly duine:
Come, come thy ways—thou mud as weel come suin;
For come thou mun, aw mothers wise agree,
And mothers wise can never seer aw lee.

As I was powen pezz to scawd ae night,
O' ane wi' neen it was my luck to light;
This fain I underneath my bouster laid,
And gat as faſt as e're I could to bed;
I dreamt—the pleasant dream I's ne'er forgit,
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet!

A pippin frae an apple fair I cut,
And clwose atween my thumb and finger put,
Then cry'd, whore wons my luive, come tell me true,
And even forrit stright away it flew;
It flew as Roger's house it would hev hit,
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet!

I laited laſt aw Hallow-Even lang
For growen nuts the busses neak'd amang:
Wi' twea at last I met; to aither nut
I gave a neame, and baith i' th' ingle put;
Right bonnily he burnt, nor flinch'd a bit,
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet!

Turnips ae Saturday I pair'd, and yell
A pairing sav'd, my sweetheart's neame to tell:
Slap fell it on the fleer; aw ran to view,
And cawt it like a *C*—but cawt not true;
For nought, I's seer, but *R* the ſcrawl wad fit,
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet!

A fortune-teller leately cam about,
And my twea guid King Gweorges I powt out;
Baith, baith (and was not that a pity) went,
And yet I cannot caw them badly ſpent:
She ſign'd a bonny lad and a large kit,
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet!

When t'other night the bride was put to bed,
And we wad try whea's turn was neest to wed,
Oft owr the ſhoulder flung, the ſtocking fell,
But not yen hat the mark, except my ſell;
I on her feace directly meade it bit,
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet!

But what need I faſh me any mair,
He'll be obleeg'd, avoid he't ne'er sae sare,
To come at last; it's own'd, it ſeems to be,
And weel I wait what's own'd yen cannot flee;
Or, ſud he never come, and thur fulfil,
Sud cruel Roger pruive ſae cruel ſtill,
I mun not, like a fuil, gang faſt aw day,
And keſt my ſell juſt wittenly away.

She ſaid, and ſoftly ſlipping croſs the floor,
With easy fingers op'd the ſilent door;
Thrice to her head she rais'd the luncheon brown,
Thrice lick'd her lips, and three times laid it down

A fortune-teller leately com about,
And my twea guid King Gweorges I powt out. ST. AGNES' FAST.

Purpos'd at length the very worst to pruive—
'Twas eaſier ſure to die of ought than luive.

ON THE

DEATH OF AMYNTAS.

AMYNTAS is no more!
Ye Virtues, wail the youth;
For Modesty and Truth
Must never hope to meet
With such an heavenly seat:
Then ever thus deplore
Amyntas now no more.

Amyntas is no more!
The swain, ye virgins, mourn—
Ah, never to return!
The pleasures of the fair
Were still Amyntas' care:
Then ever thus deplore
Amyntas now no more.

Amyntas is no more!
Lament your loss, ye youths;
No more Amyntas sooths,
With converse sweet, the road
Of life, now hardly trod:
Then ever thus deplore
Amyntas now no more.

Amyntas is no more!
My friend, my best good friend!
Still let me mourn his end,
The youths thus ever call,
The virgins, virtues all,
Thus ever to deplore
Amyntas now no more.

CELIA SINGING.

WHEN Celia sings, the notes inspire
A still attention round the fire:
Their threads no more the maidens ply,
Before the swains the spindles lye;
The mistress' tongue forgets to move,
And happy I no longer love.

Just so, the truth if poets tell,
When Orpheus struck his lyre in hell,
Ixion's wheel was seen to stop,
Ocnus omits to twist his rope,
At large rolls Sisyphus's care,
Their hissing plagues the furies spare,
And Tityus' heart, charm'd with the lay,
The vultures cease to make their prey.

THE

POET'S PETITION.

If Phœbus his poet's petition would crown,
I'd ask a retreat in a snug country town,
Near which a clear stream in a valley should glide,
With fountains and meadows and groves by its side;
And then my ambition no farther should stray,
But to better my life and to better my lay,
To virtue's improvement and vice's decay.

A competent fortune should be my next call,
Too great for contempt, and for envy too small;
I would work, not for need, but my fancy to please,
With various enjoyment of labour and ease:
And then my, &c.

A friend of like temper and honesty try'd,
Should double my joys, and my sorrows divide:
But far from my cottage let beauty remove,
Nor poison my innocent pleasures with love:
And then my, &c.

At town I or seldom or never would come,
Unless when no subject of satyr's at home;
Or (since sweetest pleasures the soonest will cloy)
To give a new relish to surfeiting joy:
And then my, &c.

And when those dear pleasures no more shall be mine,
Not weary with life, nor yet loth to resign,
In death I would gently dissolve, as in rest,
And this epitaph should be wrote on each breast—
The poet's ambition no farther did stray,
But to better his life and to better his lay,
To virtue's improvement and vice's decay.

OCCASIONED BY

A LITTLE MISS'S BURSTING OUT INTO TEARS

UPON READING THE BALLAD OF

"*The Babes in the Wood.*"

As the sad tale, with accents sweet,
The little ruby lips repeat,
Soft pity feels the tender breast
For infant innocence distress'd;

The bosom heaves with rising woe,
Short and confus'd the pauses grow,
Brimful the pretty eye appears,
And—bursts at last a flood of tears.

Sweet softness! still, O still, retain
This social heart, this sense humane;
Still kindly for the wretched bleed,
And no returns of pity need!
In plenty flow thy days and ease,
Soft pleasures all conspire to please;
Long may a sire's affection bless,
And long a mother's tenderness.

And thou, O bard! whose artless tongue
The sadly-pleasing story sung,
With pride a power of moving own
No tragic muse has ever known.
Complete is thy success at last;
The throng admir'd in ages past;
Prais'd lately Addison thy lays,
And Nature's self now deigns to praise.

WRITTEN AFTER READING

PAMELA,

OR,

VIRTUE REWARDED.

WHAT is it, happy author, say,
That steals thus unperceiv'd away;
That, where but negligence appears,
Dissolves the reader into tears.

Thy pages, like thy wond'rous theme,
Artless and undesigning seem;
Yet warmth to each beholder lend,
And fix him their and Virtue's friend.

Henceforth, ye trifles, all adieu,
Each guilty and each idle view;
And Virtue, sole-deserving guest,
To thee still sacred be my breast:

Yet if a lovely fair I spy,
Like her whose shade here charms my eye,
The hasty vow I'll break in part,
For PAMELA must share my heart.

Translations and Imitations.

THE

BATTLE OF THE GIANTS,

A FRAGMENT.

.....

FROM CLAUDIAN.

TELLUS of old, urg'd by a double cause,
Jove's happy empire and the Titans' woes,
Brought forth in Tartarus an horrid brood;
Then Phlægra open'd, of her offspring proud,
To bring the monster-armies up to light,
And daring meet the heavenly powers in fight.
A noise ensues—boist'rous the rebel rout,
Intent on execrable crimes, rush out;
With giant strides majestically stalk,
Clinch their big fists, and heaven to arms provoke.
Pale wax the stars, depriv'd of wonted fire,
Apollo's horses terrify'd retire,
And the bear, startl'd at so strange a sight,
To seas forbid before precipitates her flight.

Then thus her issue chears the mother vain;
My sons, of tyrant gods the future bane,
Far as your view can stretch, this fight secures;
Yours be the victory, and the world is yours.
Tellus's force give Jove at length to feel—
Must she thus humble to each upstart kneel?
Why did Cybele a superior bear,
And why of honour mine so small a share?
What heavy pressures do I not sustain?
What means are wanting to procure my pain?
Here on the mount must poor Prometheus stay,
His vitals doom'd an everlasting prey;
There Atlas groans beneath the pond'rous spheres,
While icicles depend around his ears:
Why should I Tityus name, whose growing heart
Matter administers for endless smart?
But you at length avenge my wrongs in fight,
Rescue the Titans and a parent's right:
You want not fatal instruments of war,
Mountains and rocks your mother's members tear;
Herself an instrument would gladly be,
To prove the downfal of this tyranny.
Undaunted then, my dear avengers, rise,
And humble yon proud turrets of the skies.

How rich the spoils!—Typhæus must prepare
To launch the thunder, and the sceptre bear;
Encelladus must o'er the sea preside;
Aurora's chariot let some other guide;
While thou, Porphyrion, shalt thy temples grace
With Delphic wreathes, and take Apollo's place.
Thus sooth'd the dame her sons with idle dreams,
To them all heaven above at mercy seems,
And Neptune dragg'd indignant from his streams:
This thinks he makes the potent Mars his prey,
That robs poor captive Phœbus of his ray;
With Cytherea one his fancy warms,
Another clasps Diana in his arms,
Or vows to violate the chaste Minerva's charms.
Meanwhile th' immortal powers convene above,
From streams and lakes solicitous they move,
The very distant mains bring forth their aid;
Queen Proserpine forsakes the Stygian shade,
And Pluto, monarch of the silent night,
Directs his horses to the realms of light:
His horses wildly wonder at the day,
And, while they panting strain up the steep way,
Thick clouds of darkness round their nostrils play.

As when a town dreads some vast engine's power,
All flock promiscuous to defend the tower;
Just so the gods of every station ran,
To guard the throne of Jove, who thus began.—
Immortal powers, above the reach of fate,
(And well ye merit that immortal state)
See Terra's new-born sons, a numerous train,
Advance to terminate the heavenly reign;
But give her pride those sons extinct to mourn,
And into trouble all her transport turn.
Now was the signal given on either side,
A rattling shower the trumpet's sound supply'd;
Nature quak'd for her Lord; the powerful crew
All things into a second chaos threw:
Islands are forc'd up from the foaming main,
Beneath the water skulk the rocks in vain;
Where seas late roll'd, is now a naked shore,
And streams now run where steams ne'er ran before.
Whirl'd with vast force here Octe clouds the sky,
There swings Pangaum, just prepar'd to fly;
This Ossa from its firm foundation tears,
That Rhodope with Heber's fountain rears;
A third Olimpus to his shoulder heaves,
Enipeus down his back impetuous hurls its waves:

The earth becomes a level boundless plain,
In airy regions wild disorders reign,
And harsh ungrateful crashes shock the brain.

First driven with active rage, the god of war
Against the horrid foe impels his car;
The shield glares dreadful in each hostile face,
The waving plumes his glittering helmet grace:
Down comes his sword across Pelorus' groin,
Just where two snakes his ugly bowels join;
With such a dexterous force he gave the wound,
Three worthless lives a worthy period found:
Triumphant o'er the yielding corpse he rode,
And spotted all his car with spouting blood.

Then Mimas, furious at his brother's fate,
Rais'd up all Lemnus's unwieldy weight:
All Lemnus, charg'd with Vulcan's forge, had flown,
But Mars's spear fell heavy on his crown;
The batter'd brains his widening jaws discharge,
And every lifeless limb drops down, and lies at large:
Not so the snakes—they still remain secure;
Still hiss his snakes, still scorn the victor's power.

Now, with a warlike grace, the warrior-maid
Stepp'd forth; her shield the Gorgon's face display'd:

Her shield alone (sufficient arms) she bore;
Who sees it once is doom'd to see no more.
And Pallas first the fatal object saw;
His curdling blood thro' each cold vein crept slow:
What means this lazy lethargy, he cry'd,
Why stand I like some marble statue ty'd?
But said no more—the gift of speech was gone,
His every faculty lay lost in stone;
And, as Damastor sought some rock to throw,
By sad mistake he whirl'd him at the foe.

Echion, wond'ring at his brother's change,
And ignorant of its author, vows revenge;
But vows in vain;—the Gorgon meets his eyes,
He owns Minerva's matchless force, and dies.

Palleneus then advances in a rage,
With eyes averse the goddess to engage;
The goddess grasps her sword, and gives a blow,
The monster falling, loads the plain below;
His gazing snakes meanwhile congeal to stone:
Thus part by weapon falls, and part by looking on.

But, see! Porphyrion midst the deep essays
The trembling Delos from its root to raise:
Ægeus quakes; from watery caves retire
Affrighted Thetis and her hoary sire;

Neptune's late crouded palace is become
An empty, silent, solitary dome;
The nymphs on Cynthus' summits fill the skies
With sad complaints, and pity-moving cries:
(The nymphs that careful did a couch compose,
When fair Latona felt a parent's throes,
That taught young Phœbus how to throw the dart,
With all the secrets of the sylvan art,)
Distressful Delos begs her Pean's aid,
" If in my lap thy infant limbs were laid—
" O help!—again I move——

[*The rest wanting in the original.*]

HORACE,

BOOK III. ODE XXI.

THOU cask, that life with me didst share,
When Manlius fill'd the consul's chair,
Whether thy lovely circle keep
Laughter or strife, or love or sleep,
Whatever be thy freight, descend,
Corvinus bids thee, worthiest friend,

Proud to be mov'd in such an hour,
Descend, and mildest massic pour:
He, tho' with arts Socratic blest,
Will not severe thy fruits detest;
Old Cato's self would oft resign
His roughness, warm'd with generous wine.
'Tis thine to use a gentle power,
To smooth the wrinkles of the sour;
To thee their cares the wise impart,
And open all the hidden heart;
Hope to the anxious thou canst give,
And bid the poor in plenty live:
They heed not, when thy liquor warms,
The prince's frown, or soldier's arms.
Venus, if here she deign to be,
The god of wine, the graces three,
And lamps shall lengthen out thy stream,
Till fly the stars the rising beam.

HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE VII.

IN THE

CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

THE snow has left the fells and fled,
Their tops i' green the trees hev' cled;
The grund wi' sindry flowers is sown,
And to their stint the becks are fawn;
Nor fear the nymphs and graces mair
To dance it in the meadows bare.
The year, 'at slips sae fast away,
Whispers we mun not think to stay:
The spring suin thows the winter frost,
To meet the spring does simmer post;
Frae simmer autumn cleeks the hauld,
And back at yence is winter cauld.
Yit muins off-hand meake up their loss;
But suin as we the watter cross,

To Tullus great, Æneas guid,
We're dust and shadows wuthout bluid.
And whae, Torquatus, can be sworn,
'At thame abuin 'ill grant to-mworn?
Leeve than; what's war't i' murry chear,
Frae thankless heirs is gitten clear.
When death, my friend, yence ligs you fast,
And Mimus just your duim has past,
Your reace, and wit, and worth 'ill mak
But a peer shift to bring you back.
Diana (she's a goddess tee)
Gets not Hippolytus set free;
And, Theseus, aw that strength o' thine
Can never brek Pirithon's chyne.

FROM BOETIUS.

Who ne'er dejected, ne'er elate,
Even alike in ev'ry state,
Can with a brave and stedfast soul
The fierce assaults of Fate controul.
Him move no terrors of the main,
Tormented and o'erturn'd in vain;

No fires that from Vesuvius roll
In dreadful volumes to the poll;
No flaming thunderbolts that hide
In dust the lofty turret's pride.
Why does the tyrant's fuming rage
The wretch's wonder thus engage?
Wild passions from thy soul be rent,
And all that rage is idly spent;
But who admits or hope or fear,
Not firm or resolute to bear,
Has thrown away his shield, gives ground,
And is an easy captive found.

QUIET LIFE.

FROM MARTIAL.

MIGHT I permitted be to spend
My days securely with my friend;
Our lives at pleasure might we lead,
And be allow'd to live indeed;
Far would we keep from hurry, far
From the harsh wranglings of the bar;

Far from the treach'rous palace-gate,
And all the shewy toils of state.
To entertaining books and talk,
The pleasant ride, the peaceful walk,
The bath, the portico, the shade,
Our time, as due, should all be paid.
Now to himself—ah! neither lives,
But suns asliding down perceives;
Suns which no more he must survey—
Know we to live, and do we stay?

TRUE HAPPINESS.

FROM APOLLODORUS.

And is this it?—sure nothing less—
Is this, my friend, true happiness?
The diamond's sparkle to behold,
To drink in glowing cups of gold,
To sink to rest in beds of down,
Thy board with dainty meats to crown,

In barns capacious to contain
The plenteous crops of Lybia's plain?
True happiness is this,—To fear
No threat'ning look of danger near,
To heed the mob's nor love nor hate,
And not to start at coming fate.
This will a genuine bliss secure,
In spite of Fortune and her power.

PYTHAGORAS'S
GOLDEN VERSES.

The gods first worship, as enjoin'd by law,
An oath regarding with religious awe;
The heroes then and Stygian powers allow
Their proper homage and the honours due,
And pay just def'rence to a parent's name,
Nor want thy relatives the right they claim:
Civility belongs to all the rest,—
Be intimate with none except the best.
To gentle words and acts obliging bend,
Nor for a little failing hate thy friend,

As far as possible, for power, we see,
Is a near neighbour to necessity.
These be thy care, and still beneath thee keep
Anger, and appetite, and lust, and sleep.
No base thing dare, nor when another's near,
Nor when alone—but most thyself revere.
Then justice exercise in word and deed,
And act in all affairs with utmost heed.
But know that every one is doom'd to die,
And riches favour some, from others fly.
Whatever share of human ills be thine,
Bear it with resignation, nor repine:
Yet ease them, if thou canst; but keep in mind,
That fate to good men has but few assign'd.
Reports of various kinds are apt to stray;
But let not these divert thee from thy way:
The slanders that malicious tongues may feign
Hear unconcern'd, nor let them give thee pain.
And be these following precepts all thy care:
Let none by courteous deeds, or speeches fair,
Ever prevail with thee to do or say
What thine own interest offers to betray:
Consider ere thou actest, and be cool;
An inconsiderate action speaks a fool;

And every thing with apprehension leave,
That may hereafter give thee cause to grieve.
Do nought in ign'rance; but what's needful know;
So shall thy life in happiest tenour flow.
Let health be valu'd as a real good,
And use a mean in exercise and food:
(What gives no future grief I call a mean)
Nor chuse a costly diet, but a clean.
Of acts, that envy may create, beware;
Nor spend too freely, nor too frugal spare.
Keep always to a mean—extremes offend—
Act circumspectly, and regard the end:
Nor close thine eyes, till thrice, with strict survey,
Thou look'st o'er all the actions of the day.
Into what follies have I heedless run?
What duties have I not, what have I done?
Beginning at the first, in order move;
The bad impartial blame, the good approve.
Let these thy meditations all employ;
Be these thy labour, and be these thy joy;
For these to Virtue's paths thy steps will bring,
By Him who gives our life fresh nature's fourfold spring.
But first to heaven apply for aid divine,
Then execute with courage thy design.

These precepts well observe, and thou shalt know
The state of things above, and things below;
Shalt know, as far as suits with human art,
Nature is uniform thro' ev'ry part:
That no false hopes may pass with thee for true,
Nor any secret thing escape thy view,
Shalt know that men misfortunes oft demand,
Hapless, who see not good when close at hand!
And few know evils or to ease or fly,
So thick the cloud that hangs o'er Reason's eye.
Like cylinders we roll, and never stay,
Meeting with many a hind'rance in our way:
For strife unseen attacks us, ever nigh,
Born with us, which we should not dare, but fly.
Thou should'st, O Jove! or lessen human woe,
Or every one his fate before-hand shew!
But thou have hopes, since man's of heav'nly line,
Whom Nature shews whatever is divine;
Of which, if ought be thine, thou wilt retain
These precepts, and thy soul secure from pain:
The delicacies we forbade, refuse,
And great exactness at lustration use;
Delib'rate cautiously in each affair,
The reins committing still to Reason's care;

And if to heaven releas'd thy soul shall soar,
A God thou shalt become—a mortal man no more.

SENECA,

AN EXILE IN CORSICA.

The barb'rous Cors'can rocks prerupt surround
An horrid, wild, uncomfortable ground:
No fruits in autumn, flow'rs in summer bloom;
No gifts of Pallas glad in winter's gloom;
In spring, no sweet vicissitude is seen;
No tree nor turf adorn'd with lovely green;
Nor grain, nor drop, nor spark, these scenes present,
Nor ought but banish'd men, and banishment.

FROM MARTIAL.

These earthly happiness complete:
A snug hereditary seat;
Fields free to give what ease requires;
Hearths ever warm'd with heartsome fires;

Calm quietness from clamour loud;
No business with the peevish proud;
A vigour active, yet refin'd;
Simplicity with prudence join'd;
Sweet converse seasoning wholesome fare;
Evenings without excess or care;
Short nights, by unsought slumber blest;
And, what gives relish to the rest,
An easy acquiescent mind,
To the wise will of heaven resign'd.

FROM SENECA.

TAKE his dizzy stand that will
On the top of Fortune's hill;
Mine a softer pleasure know
In the humble vale below.
There, beneath the shady trees,
Let me steal a grateful ease,
Free from all the storms that beat
On the grandeur of the great:
And when calm my days have flown,
To the vulgar little known,

Let me chearful quit the stage,
Crown'd with virtue and with age.
Hapless he, when death appears,
In a crowd that wastes his years;
That grows free with all the rest,
But estrang'd to his own breast.

The 19th Idyllium of Theocritus.

ATTEMPTED IN THE

CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

Ae time as Cupy, sweet tuith'd fairy!
A hive, owr ventersome, wad harry;
A bee was nettl'd at the wrang,
And gave his hand a despert stang.
It stound it sare, and sare it swell'd,
He puft, and stampt, and flang, and yell'd;
Then away full drive to mammy scowr't,
And held her't up, to blow't and cure't,

Wondren sae feckless-like a varment
Cud have sae fearfu' mikle harm in't.
She smurk'd—and, pra'tha, says his mudder,
Is not lile Cupy seck anudder?
Just seck anudder varment's he;
A feckless-like—but fearfu' bee.

DE PAULO CANENTE.

BALTHASARIS CASTILIONIS MANTUANI POEMA.

Dulcia dum pulcher modulatur carmina Paulus,
Demulcet colles et mea Roma, tuos,
Adcurrere simul dryades, faunique bicornes,
Ora immota truces et tenuere ferae.
Tibris arundineo glaucum caput extulit alveo,
Et stupefacta novo restitit unda sono.
Tum vocem numerumque, inquit, miratus Apollo;
Orpheus Elysia valle meus rediit:

Sed faciem ut vidit pueri, sacrumque decorem,
Certe ait hic proles est, Cytherea, tuus.
Saeve puer, tentas me vincere voce lyraque
An vicisse arcu est gloria visa levis?

TRANSLATION.

While lovely Paulus chaunts his charming lays,
And sporting Echo with the music plays,
Around the dryads and the fawns appear,
The savage wild-beasts soften as they hear;
Old Tiber rears him from the ooze below,
And, in attention lost, the streams forget to flow:
Apollo hearing, wonder'd at the strain,
And thought his Orpheus was return'd again;
But when his heavenly face and mien he spy'd,
Ah, cruel!—no, 'tis Venus' son, he cry'd:
Was't not enough the archer to outdo,—
What! will he challenge the musician too?

THE STORY OF

PYRAMUS AND THISBE,

From the 4th Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

YOUNG PYRAMUS and THISBE (loveliest he
Of Eastern youths, of maidens fairest she),
Had houses joining in that stately town
Whose walls Semiramis their foundress own;
Neighbourhood acquaintance bred; acquaintance fast
Grew up to friendship, and to love at last:
Love had been happy in the nuptial band;
But friends withstood, what friends could not withstand.
An equal warmth each gave, and each return'd,
Burnt fiercely both, but both in secret burn'd:
The use of words their parents stern deny;
But what the tongue's forbidden, speaks the eye.
Ah! what avails it passion to disguise;
Love's fires, the more conceal'd, the fiercer rise!
In the partition-wall a crack had been,
Some way occasion'd when the work was green;

So small, for ages it was never ey'd,
Which yet (what spys not love?) the lovers spy'd,
And in the cranny found a secret way
Their minds in dying murmurs to convey.
Oft at their station, as they stood and try'd
Fondly to catch the breath each other sigh'd,
Ill-natur'd wall! complain'd they, thus to part
In body lovers that are one in heart:
What were it, should'st thou suffer an embrace,
At least a kiss or two is no such grace:
And yet ungrateful we are not, but know
To whom this easing intercourse we owe.
In unavailing plaints the day thus past,
Farewel, with much ado, they said at last,
And kisses to the parting wall apply'd,
Kisses that on the marble useless dy'd.
Aurora now had chas'd the stars away,
And the cool dews exhal'd the rising ray;
To the known place return the faithful two,
And all their former fond complaints renew.
Their parents then they purpose to deceive,
To leave their homes by night, the town to leave;
And, lest they wander blindly in the gloom,
Their interview appoint at Ninus' tomb;

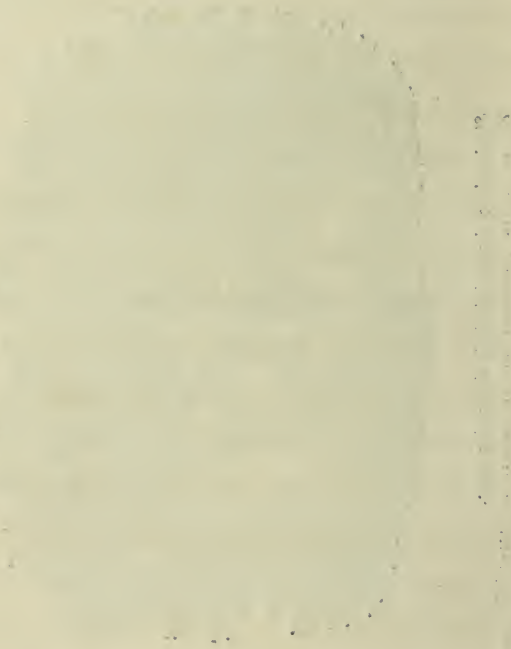
Where, near a spring, a spreading mulberry rose,
Clad with fair fruit that match'd the falling snows.
The assignation like—impatient they
Long for the night, and chide the ling'ring day.
'Tis silence all at length; with wary pace
Thisbe the door soft opens, veils her face,
Hies through the dark, and seats her in the shade—
What dares not, urg'd by love, the tim'rous maid?
When, lo! a lioness approaches near,
Fresh from the slaughter of a lowing steer,
And to the brook directly points her way,
Her thirst by blood excited to allay;
Which by the moon as Thisbe chanc'd to view,
Wing'd with her fear, the trembling virgin flew,
And in a cave th' impending fate declin'd,
But left, unhappily, her veil behind.
The savage having slak'd her burning pain,
And to the forest speeding cross the plain,
The garment found, and vext to find no more,
With bloody jaws the lifeless prey she tore,
And left it all besmear'd with dust and gore.
When Pyramus, detain'd by stricter spies,
Now late the tomb approach'd, and cast his eyes

On the fair prints of savage feet, all pale
His visage grew—but when he saw the veil—
Yes, two, he cry'd, one night shall give to fate;
But, oh! her life deserv'd a longer date:
Mine is the guilt, poor Thisbe I betray'd,
Who bade her helpless tempt the nightly shade,
And did not tempt it first to guard my fair.
Hither, O all ye bloody race, repair!
Mangle these limbs, and rend this cruel heart!
But death to wish for is a coward's part.
Then to th' appointed tree the veil he bore,
Bath'd it in tears, and kiss'd it o'er and o'er:
And deeper yet, he cries, thy stain be made,
And instant in his bosom sheath'd the blade.
Scarce strength to draw it out his hands supply,
Backward he falls, and spouts the blood on high;
So when a conduit-pipe receives a flaw,
Out burst the hissing waters in a bow;
Spreading and spreading through the skies they pour,
And fall at last a widely-trickling shower.
The berries, sprinkl'd with the purple dew,
Forget their white, and take a reddish hue;
And the roots moist'ned with the gore supply
To every future charge the different dye.

The damsel, lest he might suspect her truth,
Returns all fearful yet to seek the youth,
Longing his Thisbe's fright to let him hear,
And paint the beast how ghastly and how near.
The tree she reach'd; but doubted when she saw
The tinctur'd fruit, if 'twere the tree or no;
Till soon her eye, as in suspense she stood,
Dropt on a body flack'ring in its blood:
She shrunk, grew pale, and trembling like the main,
When a light breeze disturbs the liquid plain.
But now her nearer looks her love declare;
She beats her lovely breast, she tears her hair;
She kneels, and round the body throws her arms,
Bathes it in tears, and with embraces warms:
But freezing all in death the limbs she found:
My Pyramus! she cry'd, ah whence this wound!
My Pyramus!—O hear! 'tis I request,
Thy own dear Thisbe!—speak, or look at least!
At Thisbe's name he lifts his loaden eyes,
Dwells on her charms a moment, closes them and dies.

The story now, alas! appears too well,
The veil and sword the mournful story tell:
Yes, thy own hand has given the blow, she cry'd,
And to that hand the motive love supply'd!

She kneels, and round the body throws her arms,
Bathes it in tears, and with embraces warms. PYRAMUS & THISBE.



I too, poor trembling I, dare such a feat;
My valour's little, but my passion's great:
Yes, the dear youth his Thisbe will attend,
The cause at once and partner of his end!
Death only could divide thee from my heart;
But 'tis resolv'd not death itself shall part.
Now both our fathers, (ah, no fathers soon!)
Hear us, and envy not so small a boon;
Vouchsafe one grave, nor part those after death
Whom love has join'd, and whom their latest breath.
And thou, O tree! whose kindly ſpreading bough
Covers one corpse, and soon must cover two,
Still fresh the marks of slaughter thus retain,
Still mourn thy fruit an hapless couple slain.
She said, and to her breast the sword apply'd,
Press'd the deep-piercing point, sunk by her lord, and dy'd.
Nor more their wishes unavailing sue;
The gods attend, attend their parents too;
To a dark red the ripening berries turn,
And sleep their ashes in a common urn.

EPITAPH ON PARIS,

FROM MARTIAL.

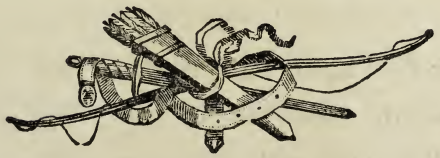
A Moment, traveller, fix thine eye,
Nor pass so fam'd a marble by;
The mirth of Rome, of Nile the wit,
The pride, the pleasure of the pit,
The joy and grief of human eyes
Lye bury'd here where PARIS lies.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Fleres si scires unum tua tempora mensem;
Rides, cum fuerint forsitan una dies.

ENGLISHED THUS.

Wretch! man would cry,
If sure to die
Before a month is past;
Yet laughs away
This poor short day,
Which is perhaps his last.



HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE VIII.

imitated in the

CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

It's wrang indeed now, Jenny, white,
To spoil a lad sae rare;
The gams 'at yence were his delyte,
Peer Jacky minds nae mair.

Nae mair he cracks the leave o' th' green,
The cleverest far abuin;
But lakes at wait-nae-whats wuthin
Aw Sunday efternuin.

Nae mair i' th' nights thro' woods he leads,
To trace the wand'rin brock;
But sits i' th' nuik, and nought else heeds,
But Jenny and her rock.

Thus Herculus, 'at (ballats say)
Meade parlish monsters stoop,
Flang his great mikle club away,
And tuik a spinnel up.

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE X.

O THINK, my too, too cruel fair!
Old age those beauties will impair;
A few short pleasing triumphs past,
Themselves shall fall a prey at last:
That cheek, where fairest red and white,
The lily and the rose unite,
That cheek its every charm shall lose,
Like a brown leaf at autumn's close.
Then shall the glass thy change betray,
Then shalt thou fetch a sigh, and say,
Why came not these kind thoughts before,
Or why return my charms no more?

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXVII.

Sit down—'tis a scandal for Christians to fight;
See how the wine blushes, asham'd at the sight!
Come lay by your logic, let each take his glass,
In vino (the proverb affirms) *veritas.*

Is mine the first bumper?—then, Damon, your toast;
Say what pretty charmer your soul has engross'd:
What a-deuce, do you scruple?—unless you'll comply,
I'll not touch a drop on't, no, marry, not I.

Make haste then—good God! is it she? O the queen!
A pert little tyrant as ever was seen!
What magic can loose thee?—Alas! thou must hope
No freedom from chains, till releas'd—by a rope!

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XI.

PR'YTHEE, Damon, don't molest
With futurity thy breast;
Has not present life enough
Cares and toils to struggle through?

Fortune-tellers never mind,
Fortune-tellers all are blind;
Or, suppose they could foresee,
Pray what better would one be?

If great blessings must ensue,
Life is dull and tedious now;
And if troubles must befal,
Present joys are worthless all.

Lay those anxious thoughts aside,
Take now what the gods provide;
Now, for, trust me, though not dumb,
There's no trusting what's to come.

IN IMITATION OF

PSALM CXXXI.

CONTENTED with the part assign'd,
No envious thoughts disturb my mind;
The province given I tend with care,
And aim at nought beyond my sphere.

Disdainful glance I never throw
On any God has plac'd below;
Nor add affliction to the poor,
Afflicted too, too much before.

My soul an even surface keeps,
In silence ev'ry passion sleeps;

Each fond desire I calm to rest,
Like a young babe forbid the breast.

Henceforth let all, in every case,
Their trust in great JEHOVAH place;
Whatever portion he decrees,
Our God can make that portion please.

IN IMITATION OF

PSALM CXXIII.

To thee, who sit'st enthron'd on high,
In mercy as in might supreme,
To thee I raise my wishful eye,
And wait thy warm indulgent beam.

Thus looks a servant that's sincere,
Thus fix'd attends his master's face;
Blest, if approving smiles appear,
And wretched, if he reads disgrace.

O God! 'tis hard, 'tis wond'rous hard,
To bear the great one's less'ning look;
But, gracious! give me thy regard,
And human scorn with ease I brook.

EPISTLES.

A

BURLESQUE EPISTLE

TO

MR. JOHN COWPER.

DEAR COWPER,

WHAT can a body get to do
These winter evenings?—What get you?
I can no longer bear to stoop,
And take the tumbling spinnels up;
Nor listen to each frightful story—
E'en yet pale spectres stalk before me.
Some new diversions I've been trying:
Before the fire our dog was lying;
"Isp, Coley, Coley;"—Coley rose,
I slily spat upon his nose;
And when he drew the spittle in,
Chuck went my hand beneath his chin,
And the poor fellow bit his tongue:
But this diversion held not long;

'Twas barbarous to use Coley thus,
I therefore fell to play with puss.
My handkerchief hang dangling down;
The sportive monkey spy'd it soon,
And strove to take it with her paw;
But I contriv'd the motion so,
That still in vain she strove to take it,
Till my tir'd arm no more could shake it;
When I, alas! was forc'd to fail,
And puss to play with her own tail.
Then from my knee I pull'd my garter,
And with the most amazing art, Sir,
I ty'd strange knots, which seem'd to stay,
But fell insensibly away;
Till, O unhappy chance! at last
I ty'd a gordian-knot so fast;
It must continue till some bully
Like Alexander draw his gully.

TO THE

Printer of the Kendal Courant.

If, my dear friend, you ever aim
That Kendal match Newcastle's fame,
And Cotton White's in printing news,
Then take advices from the muse;
Advices more material, better,
Than ought in Evening-Post or Letter:
Those only serve a single day;
But these for ever and for aye.
Well then—in your Courant, my friend,
Propose a poet's honest end,
Which, as yourself in Horace may see,
Is *delectare et prodesse:*
And when you've got the gaol in view,
Mindless of road, march boldly through,
O'er hedge and ditch directly to't;
The road of truth is round about.
What! counsel folks from truth to swerve?
Yes, honest Cotton, lye—or starve.

In this too pattern take from poets;
Be your theme vary'd, as you know it's
In Pope, Steel, Prior, and, beside, in
The miscellaneous works of Dryden.
Let a fine preface lead the way;
There suit the grave, or please the gay,
With Addison's instructive strain,
Or Swift's satyric, hum'rous vein;
Or, would you every heart engage,
Let S——d's lines adorn the page.
Next place a song, a gentle air,
To speak the lover's pleasing care;
Or catch, in brisker measures to tell
The sprightly joys of friend and bottle.
Then to heroics raise the stile;
Put bustling Europe in a broil;
Make French, Dutch, Spaniards, Germans, battle,
Guns flash, swords clash, and cannons rattle;
Till Britain's king bid discord cease,
And frown the tumult into peace.
A pastoral should follow these;
Shew us the price of beans and pease,
Of oats, of wheat, of rye, of barley,
And if the season's late or early.

(But, by the by, be sure ne'er smatter
In politics and party satyr;
No, ne'er turn factious, snarling dog,
Warn'd by the fate of Mist and Fog.)
Now some sad elegy present;
A death or dismal accident
In sweetly-sorrowing lines relate—
Oh hapless, hapless human state!
Lastly, dear Cotton (to conclude,
And send us off in merry mood),
Some entertaining tale devise;
Examples plenty meet your eyes
In authors mention'd hard before,
As Ladle, Miller, forty more;—
Or tell us such (for faith they look well)
As once you told of Mouse and Cockle.
Then while (if poets can divine,
And if a poet's name be mine),
While politicians shall peruse,
With dram or penny-pot, the news,
So long shall all of Cotton tell,
The man who wrote COURANTS so well.

AN

EPISTLE TO MR. ——,

ON HIS RETURN FROM

GLASGOW COLLEGE.

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE VII.

O FAR my best and dearest friend,
Brought with me oft to thy wit's end
Beneath our late commander Y—s,
And art thou safe?—how kind the fates!
With thee the tedious summer day
I've short'ned many a time with play;
And many a time the winter night
Have quicken'd in its tardy flight.
Together, in pursuit of knowledge,
We trudg'd as far as Glasgow College;
Together, tir'd with logic frays,
We threw down arms and march'd our ways.
Me with officious hand convey'd
The muse to Sebergham's peaceful shade;

Thee, hapless friend! thy cruel star
Hurry'd again to scenes of war:
But safe at last, thy weary brain
Enliven with a merry strain;
Smooth thy sad brows into a smile,
And with a glass thy cares beguile.
See how it laughs!—the liquor!—see!
O'erjoy'd at thy return—like me.
Spare not what was design'd thee—come—
A thousand times thou'rt welcome home!
Sobriety must bid adieu;
There's no avoiding madness now:
Ye gods, indulge me in a grain,
I've got my friend safe home again!

TO THE REV. ———,

ON HIS VISITING A SICK PERSON, 1729.

THIS life, oppress'd with grief and care,
The joys of Heaven so well you paint,
You seem no mortal trav'ling here,
But rather some returning saint.

Now Death, that king of terrors, wears
A look so mild, I could resign
The pleasing joys of youthful years,
To make the poor man's sickness mine.

Each countenance now chearful grows;
If yet some marks of grief we find,
'Tis not that their relation goes,
But that they're forc'd to stay behind.

A Burlesque Epistle to Mr. ——

DEAR G——,

In studious sort I'm set here,
To pen a grave poetic letter;
There lies my paper ready folded,
My pen is full, and here I hold it:
—You wonder then what makes me stay?
Why, Sir, I know not what to say.
—Oh!—first your pardon I must seek;
I own I should have writ last week;

And would, but for a private reason,
Which shall be told at proper season.
So, Sir, impute not this neglect
To any want of due respect;
Nor think I ever could transgress
Through business or forgetfulness:
Forget thee, G—!—by Jove I'll not!
Sooner shall Laura be forgot;
Sooner shall you affect to wear
A saucy, sour, ill-natur'd air;
Sooner shall Celia slip occasions
Of reck'ning up her rich relations;
Sooner (to sum up all the matter
In two th' unlikeliest things in nature)
Sooner shall K——n despair
While I am the favourite of the fair.
Thus far I've got with much ado
(Yourself can best determine how);
What else to say, I know no more
Than does of Babylon the wh——
Deed, G——, I'm done, confounded quite—
Dear Phœbus, help me to indite,
Or I shall cut the table through,
And spoil my new sharp'd pen-knife too.

He comes! he comes! (you think I jest,
Why, Sir, I feel him in my breast);
Ten thousand thoughts possess my brain,
All thoughts of true poetic strain;
So fast they struggle to get out,
They'll choak the passage, faith, I doubt:
Yes! what I fear'd is come to pass,
All my fine thoughts are stopt, alas!
Not one word more I can say to you,
So fare you well, and God be wi' you.

An Epistle to Mr. Cowper,
AT PENRITH.

WELL, honest gossip, are you gaily?
What uncouths from *festum lustrale?*
Was Commother a canny lass?
I hope you let no duties pass.
The dinner too—what doings there?
Come, give us in a bill of fare:
I'll warrant as sumptuous it has been as
The fam'd supper of Nasidienus,

'Bout which friend Horace and another
(What is't they call him?) make such pother.
In equal lays then be it dress'd;
Say, how was seated every guest;
What dainty dishes grac'd the board;
What hearty welcomes look'd its lord;
How fresh and brisk and good the beer,
And what strong ale brought up the rear.
Your poem thus drawn to a stop,
Clap on a kind address at top;
At bottom protestation fervent;
Then close and send it to your servant—

An Epistle to Captain Crosby,

AT CARLISLE.

DEAR SIR,

THESE homely lines are sent
To say how much we all lament
Since our once happy shades you left—
Of all their comfort now bereft.
Great want our sires and dames express,
Great want—and how should it be less?

No more their little lambs must play,
To bloody foxes doom'd a prey;
Their geese, ere Christmas comes, must fall:
Ah, now no Christmas comes at all!
And much the lads thy loss deplore;
Call'd by the grateful change, no more
They quit the dusty, joyless mows,
Forgetful of their cares—and shoes,
Through thick and thin to scour away:
—What! now thrash every, every day!
Heartless the lasses now are seen,
And dull—and almost in the spleen.
At church no more they steal a look
So slily from behind the book,
To view thy gay, thy lively airs;
They've nought to mind now—but their prayers.
But the poor muse she suffers most:
Good sense and wit and humour lost,
From human converse far she flies
(All now impertinence and noise),
Still in the lonely vale or grove;
—Out of her senses, or in love.

An Epistle to Mr. ——,

AT OXFORD.

WHEN country beaus, at some great fair,
Strut up the street with clumsy air,
What peals of laughter fill the shops,
Rais'd by the more fashionable fops:
So fares it with my rustic strain,
(Though prais'd by critics of the plain)
When I, rough bard! to OXFORD write,
The seat of muses more polite:
But if, my friend, I pleasure you,
'Tis not a farthing matter how.
Say, shall I draw some rural scene,
A shady grove, a verdant green;
Or shew how sweet the thrushes sing,
Or speak the bubbling of a spring?
Or I shall tell (if you think meet)
How snug I live in this retreat;
How close I conjure ev'ry care,
Without a wish—I wish I were—

Ah me! 'tis all an empty boast!
There's one—I find it to my cost—
There's one rebellious wish in arms,
In spite of verse and all its charms.
Thrice happy, who, by Isis' stream,
Enjoys the muses—in a dream;
In classic grottoes melts away
In visions of poetic day.
Oh! waft me, gentle gale of air!
Oh! quickly, quickly waft me there,
And place me underneath the shade
Where ADDISON and TICKEL laid!
Nay, though I'm penn'd in garret vile,
Though duns be rapping all the while;
E'en though without (which still is worse)
One splendid shilling in my purse:
All this I willingly could bear—
'Tis nothing all—since thou art there.
Vide sed incultus———
Hei mihi quod Domino non licet ire tuo.

ANOTHER EPISTLE TO THE SAME.

DEAR Sir, you waste your sacred breath;
You cannot, cannot for your teeth,
Make out that much mistaken thesis,
The nine have left the banks of Isis.
Your arguments, I own, have vigour
Of true poetic mood and figure;
But who such arguments can use
Without the presence of the muse?
In truth, my friend, the more you say
It more convinces—t'other way.
"What, not left Isis! (you object)
After Smiglecius and his sect
Had been so impudent and rough,
How durst thy tarry?"—Well enough;
For Sol, descending to assist,
From 'foresaid river rais'd a mist;
This thick as night his godship threw
Around the lustful logic crew,
Who, marching, grope and grope their way,
As blind as owls in blaze of day.

Meanwhile the muses, unmolested,
(With airy substances invested,
To keep from common view secure),
Still sport and frolic as before:
In short, if longer you resist,
You're blinded by a logic mist.

TO THE REV. MR. ——

DEAR GEORGE,

COULD I but write epistle
With as much ease as some folks whistle;
Or, if my similes would flow
As fast as those of—you know who;
I'd scribble, scribble, scribble verse,
Till paper, pen, and ink grew scarce:
Nay, if a serious, musing thought
With head reclin'd would help me ought,
Or swift reiterated walk,
Or frequent solitary talk,
Or scratching head or biting nail;
If these would any thing avail,

Believe me, Sir, I would not spare
My feet, nails, tongue, my brain or hair:
But though I muse, walk, talk, scratch, bite,
I cannot, cannot, cannot write:
All once successful methods fail—
I wonder what the duce I ail!

——— AH MISER!

QUANTA LABORAS IN CHARYBDI.

TO MR. COWPER, IN LOVE.

YES, to be sure, that pretty she
Is fair—as what?—As fair as can be:
Her eyes (from which good angels keep us!)
Are like to put out those of Phœbus;
Her brows above exactly shew
The force of Cupid's bended bow;
Her nose is cruel as his dart,
The bane of many a peaceful heart!
Her cheeks—in vain!—no tongue can speak
The beauties of her blooming cheek;

Who never saw th' orig'nal, those
May view the copy in a rose:
On teeth and lips, on neck and breast,
There is no time for me to rest;
The reader I refer to any
Poetical, good miscellany.

And dost thou then, once happy COWPER—
But hapless now—set by thy supper?
And oft for day through curtains peep,
Or tell thy passion when asleep?
Dost thou look sullen out of measure,
As ghosts depriv'd of dear lov'd treasure?
Talk seldom, and with little sense,
Esteeming all impertinence?
Say, does there oft a tempest rise
(Made up of many deep-fetch'd sighs),
Whereby each weathercock and sign,
Like hogs when Boreas blusters, whine?
And do the streams that wash S—dg—
Sometimes o'erflow their banks of late,
Swell'd by thy falling sorrows more
Than winter storms or thunder show'r?

For burning shame! forbear to cry
Like little master for a toy.

Shake off that passion—prythee do!
Yes, shake it off—I'll tell thee how:
Thy meal be short—thy grace long lasting,
(Dev'ls are driv'n out by pray'r and fasting);
Touch not a glass, for fear you spy
The pretty sparkles of her eye;
Frequent no silent grove nor brook,
Unless well arm'd with pious book;
In flow'ry garden never stray;
Read not a poem nor a play;
And shun (if e'er you would do well)
The melting strains of ———
If Morpheus flies thy call, make use
Of poppy's sleep-provoking juice;
Or if that fail, e'en get by heart
Some piece of mine, or any part;
Though all the cares of love encumber,
I'm positive 'twill make you slumber.

To a Young Lady learning Arithmetic.

COUNT each beauteous orb of light,
Twinkling in a cloudless night;
Count each painted son of May,
Smiling in a meadow gay;
But ne'er hope to count each grace
Opening in thy lovely face.

To the Rev. Mr. Cowper, on his Voyage to Dublin.

SIC FRATRES HELENAE LUCIDA SIDERA.

PROPITIOUS may the fair twin-brothers smile,
And quick return thee back to Britain's isle:
And sure my wish the brothers will approve—
They know what absence is to them that love.

FABLES.

FABLE I.

THE BOY AND THE BIRDS.

ONE Christmas holiday, a lad,
Now quit of school, and free to gad,
From out the chimney took his gun,
And through the hoary meadows run.

The thrush resigns its tuneful breath,
The whistling blackbird gasping death;
New stains the friendly robin mark,
Nor saves its early note the lark.

When thus exclaims the feather'd train,
Why this delight in giving pain?
The hawk each grove with slaughter fills,
Yet never for diversion kills.

FABLE II.

THE SPARROWS AND THE ROBIN.

A FARMER had new thatch'd his cot;
Intelligence the sparrows got,
And voted one and all to go
A pillaging the glossy straw.

A robin, as they flew along,
They met, and ask'd to join the throng;
Who, nought suspecting, gave consent:
No harm he fear'd, for none he meant.
They scarce their mischief had begun,
When spy'd the farmer's watchful son,
Let fly a fatal shower of lead,
And all the roof with slaughter spread.
Poor robin just had breath to say,
As bleeding in the crowd he lay,
My doom unjust ye red-breasts weep,
And mind what company you keep.

FABLE III.

THE SNAILS AND THE FRUIT.

A SNAIL some tempting apples spy'd,
And to her fellows near her cry'd,
See what a load yon boughs display,
Come let us climb and seize the prey.
Ah no! the thought is rash and vain,
Replies the slimy crew again;

That fruit for reptiles hangs too high,
Reserv'd for happy birds that fly.
The other was not satisfy'd,
But pluck'd her courage up and try'd;
Slowly she crawl'd, but kept her pace,
And perfected at last the race.
And now of all her wish possest,
She dropt this maxim to the rest,
That still lay grovelling on the plain,
What cannot diligence attain?

FABLE IV.

THE TOO-FREE NAG.

A YOUTHFUL nag, in pasture gay,
Had tasted thrice the sweets of May,
And thrice, from kindly rack supply'd,
December's chilness had defy'd.
His leisure now he must forego,
The labours of the field to know;
Must with the load unwieldy toil,
Or rend the toughness of the soil.

Docile he plies to each command,
Prevents his master's forming hand;
His every sinew strains to please,
And puts forth all his faculties:
No task's too hard, too long no days,
So great his generous love of praise!
But mark the sad, too sad event;
With labour unremitted spent,
Tasteless and loathsome grows his food,
With lazy motion creeps his blood;
His feeble limbs he hardly rears,
And pines, and dies in prime of years.

FABLE V.

THE PETTED NAG.

A PETTED nag, along the road,
Drew, but unwillingly, its load;
Would stop if but a hillock rose,
Nor pass a grip till forc'd by blows;
Now up, now down, now mov'd, now fast,
It hardly reach'd its home at last.

When to an empty manger ty'd,
With shoulder gall'd and smarting side,
It thus reflects in settled blood—
This stubbornness does little good;
Had I my free endeavours lent,
In far less time, nor half so spent,
I might have got my business o'er,
And been repaid with victuals store.

FABLE VI.

THE BOY AND THE SPARROWS.

A BOY, along the frozen plain,
Was scattering heaps of chaffy grain;
The work a sparrow quickly views,
And, joyful, thus imparts the news:
See, brothers, see, how rare a boon!
That hand may plenty ever crown!
Make ready for the rich repast—
Who now needs care for winter's blast!
An ancient dam makes this reply—
You know him not so well as I:

This giver's Jack: then who would chuse
But the suspicious gift refuse?
It's ten to one the rogue prepares
Some falling sieve or tangling hairs;
Or in some hole designs to wait
With his sad instrument of fate.

FABLE VII.

THE HUSBANDMAN AND THE HORSE.

A HUSBANDMAN betimes would breed
To exercise his youthful steed;
Would teach to bear the smarting goad,
And drag the cart's unwieldy load.
The youngster pleads, O spare my age,
Unfit with labours to engage!
My tender limbs no firmness know—
O suffer yet a year or so!
His master gives consent, and he
Another season wanders free:

But mark the end: to sloth inur'd,
Nor cart nor trace he now endur'd;
All force the stubborn fool defy'd,
He kick'd, and broke his leg, and died.

FABLE VIII.

THE SLUGGARD AND THE SUN.

Snoring in bed a sluggard lies,
When beams the sun upon his eyes;
Stretching and in a pet he wakes,
And this expostulation makes:
What pleasure gives it to molest,
And hinder quiet people's rest;
Thy bed perhaps thou canst not keep,
But must thou then disturb our sleep?
No harm, the sun replies, was meant;
A friendly office you resent:
This fleeting life is quickly o'er,
Then let me shine in vain no more:
Arise, and husband well thy span—
All creatures are awake but man.

FABLE IX.

THE GOOSE AND THE HEN.

As in a barn a hen made free,
A goose was near and chanc'd to see:
So then, she cries—but I'll not fail
To let our master hear the tale:
Within a day or two, no doubt,
We'll see a bloody head thrown out.
And why this warmth? the hen replies;
If I mistook not with mine eyes,
Some body's noddle, t'other morn,
Was popping up in yonder corn.

SONGS.

SONG I.

All female charms, I own, my fair,
In that accomplish'd form combine;
Yet, why this proud, assuming air?
The praise is Nature's—none of thine.

Would'st thou, with just pretensions, claim
Of our applause an equal share,
By thy desert, my dear, the same,
And prove as kind as thou art fair.

SONG II.

To the Tune of "Gently touch," &c.

On a downy bank I lye,
Free from Phœbus's scorching fire,
Gentle waters murmur by,
Sweetly sing the feather'd choir;—
Nature joins her charms in vain
To divert a lover's pain.

Blow, ye breezes, briskly blow,
Cool the flames that scorch my breast;
Stearms with deeper cadence flow—
Lull an anxious soul to rest:
Then ye gods that favour love
Make my fancy sweetly rove;

Give to these expecting arms
Chloe, object of my vow;
Let no frown disturb her charms,
Nor a vapour cloud her brow:
Slumbers oft the blest annoy,
But give hapless lovers joy.

SONG III.

WHILE other nymphs make hapless swains
Their victuals pensive hate,
Peggy those little tricks disdains,
And happier Strephon's fate:
Such relish to the rural meals
Her touch and look impart;
A keenness every stomach feels,
A transport every heart.

Peggy the sweetly sugar'd cream
Can sugar sweet anew;
The snowy curds from Peggy seem
To get a snowier hue:
Help'd by her hand, th' enlivening cakes
A double life convey;
And from her breath the butter takes
A——what no tongue can say.

From charms, ye gods, when Peggy churns,
The gathering sweets secure;
Still be the print her board adorns
From all *errata* pure:
Then Peggy's praise and Strephon's bliss
Shall my soft voice employ,
In notes that, like her print or kiss,
Shall please, yet never cloy.

SONG IV.

One Sunday morn, in chearful May,
When all was clad in best array,
Young Cælia tripp'd the garden gay
With robes of rarest dye:

The choichest flow'rs the virgin chose,
The lily pale, the blushing rose,
With all that most delights the nose,
Or tempts the wand'ring eye.

In artful rank when each was plac'd,
She fix'd the favourites on her breast—
O happy, happy flow'rs possess'd
Of such an heavenly seat!
But they with envy view the fair,
And (vain attempts!) presumptuous dare
With Cælia's beauties to compare,
And rival charms so great.

The rose displays its purple dyes,
Ten thousand sweets at once surprise,
Ungrateful sight to Cælia's eyes!—
Her cheeeks a blush disclose:
So much the glowing blush became,
Superior sweets so grac'd the dame,
The rose sunk down its head for shame,
And durst no more oppose.

The lily next resists the maid,
In robes of purest white array'd,
Its beauties gracefully display'd,
Her finest charms defy'd:—
The blood forsook the fair one's face,
A sudden paleness took its place,
But paleness mix'd with such a grace
As check'd the lily's pride.

The flow'rs thus foil'd in single fight,
Their force with utmost speed unite,
With lavish'd odours all invite,
And scent the neighbouring air:—
She sighs—such balmy breezes fly,
Such fragrant sweets perfume the sky,
The flow'rs drop down their heads and die,
Oppress'd with deep despair.

SONG V.

When Damon first to Cælia spoke,
And made his passion known,
So free her air, so kind her look,
He thought the nymph his own.

Poor Damon! all thy hopes are vain,
Success no longer boast:
Such Cælia is to every swain,
But catch—and Cælia's lost.

Thus oft we see, at close of eve,
When all is calm and fair,
An idle, wand'ring feather wave,
And saunter here and there:

Tempting the grasp of ev'ry clown,
Around the trifle plays;
He catches! full of hopes—'tis gone,
And Simy's left to gaze.

SONG VI.

NELLY DOVE.

My Nelly's charming as—but stay!
As what, ye bards, shall Strephon say?
For similes where must he rove
To speak the charms of Nelly Dove.

When Nelly's cheeks a blush disclose,
Away with trifling pink and rose;
The pink and rose will faded prove
Near the fair cheeks of Nelly Dove.

Name not a rolling orbe to vie
With Nelly's pretty sparkling eye;
There's not an orb that rolls above
Can match the eye of Nelly Dove.

Talk not, when Nelly charms our ears,
Of the feign'd music of the spheres;
The spheres, alas! can never move
Like the dear voice of Nelly Dove.

Think not her breath can be express'd
By the rich fragrance of the east;
The richest, sweetest eastern grove
Breathes no such sweets as Nelly Dove.

In vain for similes we seek;
For, oh! what simile can speak
(Unless her Strephon's matchless love)
The matchless charms of Nelly Dove.

SONG VII.

A THOUSAND charms can Lesbia boast;
As many torments I sustain:
Sure Nature's purpose here is crost,
If Nature e'er did ought in vain.

Of passion why so large my share,
Without an equal art to move?
Why was she made so tempting fair,
And yet so great a foe to love?

In those dear arms, O let me rest,
A while that lovely bosom join!
Then shall I warm that snowy breast,
Or cool this glowing heart of mine.

SONG VIII.

WHY sighs my dear friend from the depth of his soul,
While the nectar looks over the brim of the bowl?
That grief out of season, now, pr'ythee, forbear,
And sigh when the bottom begins to appear.

Alas! poor companion! and is the case so?
I now find the real, sad source of thy woe;
Like smoke those dull sighs from a burning heart came--
Haste, pour down a bumper, and put out the flame.

SONG XI.

PASTORA.

COME, Pastora, come away,
Who can brook such dull delay;
Come and glad my longing eye—
Could I now Paſtora spy!
Envious hill, O why wilt thou
Intercept a lover's view!
Haste, Pastora, haſte away,
Ev'ry minute seems a day.

Once lov'd plains no longer please,
There's no pleasure but where she's;
I'd with her to town resort,
I'd with her endure a court:
Wilds are gardens with my dear—
All's a wild if she's not there.
Haste Pastora, haste away,
Ev'ry minute seems a day.

See, she comes!—ye swains prepare
To entertain the lovely fair;
Let blithe jokes and rustic rhime,
Songs and dances cheat the time;
All your gambols, all be play'd,
To divert the charming maid:
May her hours unheaded flow,
And the clock ne'er seem too slow.

See, she comes!—ye maidens, haste!
Sweep the hearth! nay do it fast!
Mind that nought offend her sight;
Be the table wondrous bright;

See, she comes!—ye maidens, haste!
Sweep the hearth!—nay do it fast!

PASTORAL.

Rub the cupboard, rub it clean,
Till your shadow's to be seen;
Let clean pinners grace each head,
Each her lily apron spread.

Now she's near—I burn, I glow,
Short my breath, my voice grows low!
Thus the lark, with chearful lay,
Hails th' approaching God of day;
But when nearer he displays
Brighter beams and warmer rays,
Then her little bosom heaves,
And its gentle warbling leaves.

SONG X.

DAMON AND CHLOE.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

DAMON.

WHILST round that ready neck of thine
My welcome arms were wont to twine,
Of every n bler joy possess'd,
I pity'd Cæsar, poorly blest.

CHLOE.

Whilst Chloe was her Damon's care,
His fondest wish, his fav'rite fair,
Not Helen vied with Chloe's name,
Though deathless Homer sung the dame.

DAMON.

Now Stella's charms my bosom fire,
Stella's harmonious voice and lyre:
This life with ease I could resign,
If this, dear maid, might ransom thine.

CHLOE.

And Strephon has all Chloe now,
Strephon, dear object of her vow:
A death, a double death I'd dare,
If pitying fates would Strephon spare.

DAMON.

But what if gentle Love should deign
To re-unite the broken chain;
Should Stella from my bosom tear,
And re-establish Chloe there.

CHLOE.

Than Phosphorus though fairer he,
Thou false and furious as the sea;
Yet trust me, Damon, trust me, I
With thee could live, with thee could die.

SONG XI.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XXVI.

TELL me, my fair one, why so fast
From a fond lover's arms you run?
Why with that tim'rous, cruel haste
His tenderest endearments shun?

So flies the fawn, perplex'd with fear,
When from its anxious parent stray'd;
It starts at every breath of air,
And trembles with the trembling shad

So flies the fawn; my fair one so;
But think what different causes move:
It wisely dreads a mortal foe;
You fondly are afraid of love.

Cease then, dear trifler, cease to toy;
Those silly, childish airs resign;
Now fit to taste substantial joy,
Quit mamma's cold embrace for mine.

SONG XII.

O WHAT a deal of beauties rare
Leeve down in Caldew's valley,
Yet theer not yen 'at can compare
Wi' bonny smurking Sally.

O' fortunes great my ded oft tells,
But I cry shally-wally:
I mind nae fortunes, nor ought else,
My heart's sae set o' Sally.

Let others round the teable sit
At fairs, and drink and rally;
While to a corner snug I git,
And kiss and hark wi' Sally.

Some lads court fearfu' hard, yet still
Put off and drive and dally:

The priest, neest Sunday, if she will,
May publish me and Sally.

O how my heart wad lowp for joy
To lead her up the ally;
And with what courage could I cry,
I Simon tak' thee Sally.

And sud not we a bargain strike?
I's seer our tempers tally;
For duce a thing can Simon like
But just what likes his Sally.

I's seek, and wait nae what to de;
The Doctor and his galley-
Pots will not signify a flea—
O send offhand for Sally!

SONG XIII.

LUCINDA summons ev'ry charm,
With pure design to kill;
But Delia would her face disarm,
And wounds against her will.

In vain to save my trembling heart
  Lucinda's sight I fly;
Lucinda, with bewitching art,
  At distance can destroy.

Where shall my frighted wand'rer rest
  From such a force secure?
Where but in Delia's sacred breast,
  Where witchcraft has no power.

Thus the poor lark, when birds of prey
  Denounce a bloody fate,
To some near cottage hastes away,
  And courts a captive state.

SONG XIV.

Hark! that solemn sound is one!
All things rest but I alone:
Come, thou care-composing god,
Touch my temples with thy rod.

Weary zephyrs are at ease,
Nought disturbs the slumb'ring trees;
And the noisy, prattling stream
Murmurs faint, as in a dream.

Say, thou peaceful Pow'r divine,
Say what monst'rous crime is mine?
I thy call ne'er disobey,
Ne'er oppose thy sov'reign sway.

Leave the miser brooding o'er
Midnight heaps of mouldy store;
Leave the happy lover blest
On his Cælia's panting breast.

Here's the God—I feel him lye
Heavy fetters on each eye;
Thro' each vain soft slumbers creep—
Babes thus sing themselves asleep.

SONG XV.

WHAT charms has Chloe!
Her bosom how snowy!
Each feature
Is sweeter,
Poor Venus, than thine!
Her mind, like her face, is
Adorn'd with all graces—
Not Pallas possesses
A wit so divine.

What crowds are bleeding,
While Chloe's ne'er heeding,
All lying
A dying
Through cruel disdain:
Ye gods, deign to warm her,
Or quickly disarm her—
While Chloe's a charmer,
Your temples are vain.

EPIGRAMS.

ARTGALLERY

EPIGRAM I.

LUBRICILLA.

As Phœbus fair, as Phœbus unconfin'd;
Like Venus comely, and like Venus kind.

EPIGRAM II.

To Dean Swift, *on a Report that he designed to leave his Fortune to build an Hospital for Ideots.*

Rather thy wit, good Dean, than wealth devise—
'Twill make at least a thousand ideots wise.

EPIGRAM III.

Lollius, with head bent back and close-shut eyes,
All service-time *devoutly* snoring lies:
Its great dislike, in *fies!* the parish speaks,
And wonders Lollius thus the sabbath breaks:
But I think Lollius keeps the sabbath best;
For why, he makes it still—a day of rest.

EPIGRAM IV.

While my dear Lesbia was alive,
The muses made up two times five;
But Lesbia's now no longer mine,
The number is reduced to nine.

EPIGRAM V.

For Phœbus' aid my voice I raise,
To make the charms of Cælia known;
But Phœbus cannot bear to praise
A face that's brighter than his own.

EPIGRAM VI.

TO A YOUNG LADY, AFTER LOSING AT WHISK.

In vain we dare your skill at whisk,
(No prudent man would run the risk);
How could we hope to conquer now?
We minded not the cards—but you:

So rogues oft act; and such their art is,
They prepare something to divert us,
Which, while with eagerness we look at,
The villains slily pick our pocket.

EPIGRAM VII.

FROM THE GREEK.

BEGIN your work: a deed's half done,
When once you've happily begun;
There does but t'other half remain—
You'll do't if you'll begin again.

EPIGRAM VIII.

ADVICE TO STREPHON.

PENSIVE Strephon, cease repining,
Give thy injur'd stars their due;
There's no room for all this whining,
Be Dorinda false or true.
If she feeds a faithful passion,
Canst thou call thy fortune cross?
And if sway'd by whim and fashion,
Let her leave thee—where's the loss?

EPIGRAM IX.

ON A WRANGLING COUPLE.

FROM MARTIAL.

ALIKE in temper and in life,
The crossest husband, crosset wife:
It looks exceeding odd to me,
This well-match'd pair can disagree.

EPIGRAM X.

FROM CATULLUS.

MY Chloe swears by all that's good,
She'll ne'er marry man but me;
But female protestations should
Be written on the wind or sea.

EPIGRAM XI.

On the Author of a late Sermon against Episcopacy.

B——N, a priest unknown to fame,
And hurry'd by a strong desire
T' excel Erostatus's name,
Has set a fairer church on fire.

EPIGRAM XII.

THUS poor autumnal Delia said
(As Delia in her glass survey'd
A withering neck, a wrinkling face),
'O ever hide this foul disgrace!'
Thus Delia said, and fetch'd a sigh;
The glass, still ready to comply,
A sympathizing dulness wore,
And shew'd her faded charms no more.

EPIGRAM XIII.

To the Ladies, on the Recantation in the KENDAL COURANT.—*Printed in a subsequent Paper.*

RESTORE, dear nymphs, the banish'd swain
To your society again;
Restore, restore him, I entreat:
His crime indeed—but to atone,
The youth has public pennance done,
Done public pennance in—a sheet.

EPIGRAM XIV.

ORINDA's judgment's just and true;
It never made a slip but two:
When she approv'd my lines was one;
The other, when she blam'd her own.

EPIGRAM XV.

HERE, Ladies, all your favours show'r;
Your favours none can merit more:
Other ungrateful souls (pox on them!)
Forget a favour really done them;
But grateful Damon, 'tis believ'd,
Remembers those he ne'er receiv'd.

EPIGRAM XVI.

THE learned say laughter is deny'd
To creatures void of reason;
Yet ——— with laughter strains each side,
And 'tis well known that he's one.

EPIGRAM XVII.

FROM THE DELEC.

THUS spoke old hum'rous Bowzy from his bed,
When a late visit some rude villains made;
What seek ye here, my friends, at midnight, pray?
The d—l a thing can I see at mid-day.

EPIGRAM XVIII.

ARRA AND PÆTUS.—FROM MARTIAL.

WHEN from her bosom Arra pull'd the blade,
Thus to her lord the tender heroine said;
The wound I gave myself with ease I bear—
I die by that, alas! which kills my dear.

EPIGRAM XIX.

To NARCISSA, *who took it ill to have me called her Lover.*

LORD, Miss! how folks can frame a lie!
Love you, say they?—by Jove not I!
Both Jove and you may witness bring
I never dreamt of such a thing.

Henceforth bid jealousy begone;
Thy dear, dear self is thine alone:
From fear of rivals thou art free—
O were I half so blest as thee!

EPIGRAM XX.

ON VARUS.

No, Varus hates a thing that's base:
I own, indeed, he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

EPIGRAM XXI.

Those Epigrams you most commend
That with a turn least thought of end:
Then sure a tip-top one you'll call
This, which concludes with—none at all.

EPIGRAM XXII.

ACERRA.—FROM MARTIAL.

Of yesterday's debauch he smells, you say;
'Tis false!—Acerra ply'd it till to-day.

EPIGRAM XXIII.

OVER A GLASS OF BIRCH WINE.

EXTEMPORE.

O BIRCH! thou cruel bloody tree!
I'll be at last reveng'd on thee:
Oft hast thou drank this blood of mine—
Now for an equal draught of thine.

EPIGRAM XXIV.

TO THOMAS DENTON, ESQ.

WOULD you improve in uncouthness of dress,
And set the world agape with new success,
Each sex and every age at once strike mute,
Disguise a Poet in a good new suit.

EPIGRAM XXV.

FROM NICOLAUS FABER.

How great thy might, let none thy mischief know,
But what thou canst by acts of kindness shew:
A power to hurt is no such noble thing—
The toad can venom, and the serpent sting.

EPIGRAM XXVI.

To Mr. Green, under a Decay, and debarred by his Doctors from Drinking.

Pr'ythee, dear Green, the reason tell,
When other *greens* all look so well,
Why you alone are pale and wan?
Or, if you cannot, then I can:
The reason is, believe the muse,
Because they drink, and you refuse!

EPIGRAM XXVII.

THE GRASSHOPPER.—FROM ANACREON.

Happy little creature thou,
Satisfy'd with sipping dew;
From the summit of a spray
Warblest out a pleasant lay.
Alas! far as thou canst see,
Mighty queen, belongs to thee!
What the groves and meads produce,
All is open to thy use.

Much in thee delights the swain,
Harmless to his grass and grain;
Much he loves thy voice to hear,
Sweet presage of summer near.
Favour thee the lovely nine;
Phœbus's regard is thine:
Phœbus to thy little throat
Deigns a sweetly piercing note:
Free from age and slow decay,
Always wise and always gay;
Cumber'd with no flesh and blood—
Blest! what art thou but a god?

EPIGRAM XXVIII.

FROM MARTIAL.

Does freedom please you?—Sure it does not please;
But if it does, the means of it are these:
At home with coarser meals contented stay,
Let small Vejentan wine your thirst allay;
Laugh at the cups on Cinna's board that shine,
And please yourself with such a gown as mine.
Thus low your mind if you have power to bring,
More freedom you may boast than Parthia's king.

EPIGRAM XXIX.

FROM ANACREON.

You the fate of Phrygia's town
Sing, my friend, and I my own:
Me no ships that cross'd the main,
Me nor horse nor foot have slain;
But an army strange, that lies
Skulking in Aurelia's eyes.

EPIGRAM XXX.

FROM MARTIAL.

Thou whom the fickle youth their master own,
Quintilian, glory of the Roman gown,
To live that I, though poor, make haste, forgive;
Trust me there's none can haste too much to live.
This let him slight, who thinks his means too small,
And crowds with pictures infinite his hall.
Be mine an humble cot, a fire to chear,
A verdant meadow, and a fountain clear;
A servant clean, a not too learned wife,
Nights bless'd with sleep, and days that know no strife.

EPIGRAM XXXI.

ELIZA AT CHURCH.

If e'er a lovely nymph may claim,
With just pretence, an angel's name,
'Tis when her God she waits before,
To hear his pleasure and adore.

EPIGRAM XXXII.

FROM MARTIAL.

That you to joys of wine the night devote,
Gaurus, we pardon you—'twas Cato's fault:
That verses without genius you compose,
Our praises you deserve—'twas Cicero's.

EPIGRAM XXXIII.

FROM BUCHANAN.

With industry I spread your praise,
With equal you my censure blaze;
But, Zoilus, all in vain we do—
The world nor credits me nor you.

EPIGRAM XXXIV.

Occasioned by the Death of a Young Girl.

CENSURE no more the hand of Death,
That stopp'd so early Stella's breath;
Nor let an easy error be
Charg'd with the name of cruelty:
He heard her sense, her virtues told,
And took her (well he might) for old.

EPIGRAM XXXV.

FROM MARTIAL.

O ALCIMUS! whom too severe a doom
Has hurry'd to the grave in early bloom!
Be thine of Parian stone no threat'ning pile,
A labour frail that hardly lasts a while;
But o'er thy grave let vines and boxes grow,
And grass still verdant with my trickling woe:
These monuments, dear youth, my sorrows give,
Fair monuments, that shall for ever live!
And when his latest thread the fates shall ply,
Thus would thy MARTIAL haves his ashes lie.

EPIGRAM XXXVI.

THE WORM-DOCTOR.

VAGUS, advanc'd on high, proclaims his skill,
By cakes of wond'rous force the worms to kill:
A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art;
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

EPIGRAM XXXVII.

FROM MARTIAL.

LARGE gifts to wealthy bachelors you send,
And call you this munificence, my friend?
Nothing so sordid and so mean: for shame
To give gross avarice such a specious name!
Thus treacherous hooks indulge the greedy prey,
And thus false baits unthinking beasts betray.
Would you munificent in earnest be,
Your gifts, Gargilianus, send to me.

EPIGRAM XXXVIII.

THE HOUR-GLASS.—FROM AMALTHEUS.

THESE little atoms that in silence pour,
And measure out, with even pace, the hour,
Were once Alcippus;—struck by Galla's eyes,
Wretched he burn'd, and here in ashes lies;
Which, ever streaming, this sad truth attest,
That lovers count the time, and know no rest.

EPIGRAM XXXIX.

FROM MARTIAL.

YOUR father twenty pounds a month supplies,
And gives by portions duly as you rise;
To-day 'tis luxury, to-morrow want,
And daily vice demands a daily grant:
The same bequeaths you all on his last bed—
Poor Philomuse! you're disinherited.

EPIGRAM XL.

On the Storms at Sea, and the King's safe Arrival in Britain, 1736-7.

BANISH'D the land by GEORGE's late decree,
Discord took sanctuary in the sea;
Expecting there at least to reign secure,
His plans to frustrate, and defy his power:
But vain her schemes, her expectations vain!
'Tis GEORGE's own dominion all, the main.

EPIGRAM XLI.

FROM MARTIAL.

CÆSAR, my verse you graciously approv'd;
The honour Momus heard of, and was mov'd:
Yet more than praises, presents you bestow;
Still grows his envy as your favours grow:
See how the tortur'd fool his fingers bite!
Give, Cæsar, give, and make him burst with spight!

THE END.

A

GLOSSARY.

ABUIN, above
Ae, a, or one
Aither, each
Aleis! alas!
Amang, among
Anudder, another
Arr, scar, or mark. Thus, *Pock-arrs*, the marks made by the small-pox
'At, that
Atween, between
Aw, all
Awhallow-Even, All-Saints Eve
Awruddy, already

BAITH, both
Ballat, a ballad. *Fr. G.* Balade. *It.* Ballata, a song
Bauldly, boldly
Bay, to bend, from the *Sax.* bygan, bugan, to crook
Beck, a rivulet, or small brook. A word common to the ancient Saxon, High and Low Dutch, and Danish
Beelded, builded
Bide, to bear or abide
Big, barley
Blake, a yellowish golden colour. As blake as a marigold, a common proverbial simile
Bluim, bloom. *T.* blum. *Belg.* bloem
Bluid, blood
Boilen, boiling
Bonny, pretty
Bowster, pillow
Brast, burst
Brek, to break
Brock, a badger. *AS.* broc. *Dan.* brock
Bruil, to broil
Buik, a book
Busses, bushes
Bworn, born

CALLAR, fresh
Carl, Carlisle
Carrock, a mountain that appears at a distance, by which, when the sun appears over it, the country people compute the time of the day
Cauld, cold
Caw, call
Caw't, call it
Chyne, chain
Claise, cloaths
Claver'd, clambered
Cled, clad
Cleck, to catch, or snatch away. Perhaps from the *Sax. gelæcian* of the same meaning
Com, came
Cockwebs, cobwebs
Cowren, crouching
Crack, to challenge
Cud, could
Cuil, cool
Cupy, Cupid
Cursenmas, Christmas
Cursty, Christopher
Cworn, corn

DADGE, to walk danglingly
Deail, a narrow plot of ground in a common-field, set out by land-marks. It originally signifies a division, or one's share in any thing that is dealt or divided. *AS. dælan*, to divide
De, do
Ded, dad, father
Dess, to lay carefully together
Dispert, desperate
Dree, long, tedious, beyond expectation
Dubler, platter. *C. B.* dwbler
Duim, doom. *Old Teut.* duom
Duce, the devil, or an evil spirit. St. Austin makes mention of some dæmons, or spirits, that were guilty of impurities with women, which spirits, he says, the Gauls called *duses (quos dusios nuncupant Galli.) V. Aug. de Civit. Dei. Lib. I. Cap.* 23.
Duin, done
Dwallow'd, wither'd

EE, eye
Een, eyes
Efternuin, afternoon
Eith, easy, a Saxon word
Enquear, enquire

FANCY, a ribband, a prize for dancers
Fardin, farthing
Fash me, trouble myself
Fawn, fallen
Faw't, fall it, or befal it
Feace, face
Fearfu', fearful; sometimes very
Feckless, feeble, insignificant, without effect
Fell, a mountain. *Isl. fell*, a steep ascent. φελλὸς, Hesychius expounds, σκληρὸς τόπος καὶ δυσεργὴς, *asper locus et cultu nifficilis*. See Suidas at the word φελλά, and the Scholiast on Aristophanes's Nubes, Act I. Sec. 1. ἐκ τῆ φελλέως
Fleer, floor
Flyre, to laugh by way of ridicule
Forrat, forward
Frae, from
Full drive, full speed. Perhaps from the Saxon phrase, *full rive*. See Dr. Hickes's Ant. Lit. Sept. p. 227
Furst, first
Fuil, fool
Fworc'd, forc'd

GAMS, games
Gang, to go. From the Low Dutch *gangen*; both from the Saxon *gan*, to go
Gar, to make, cause, or force, from the Danish word *gior*
Gash, to cut
Gawn, going
Geane, gone
Gitten, got or gotten
Gliff, a transient view
Glime, to look askance
Glop, to stare. *AS.* glopan. *Isl.* glopur, a fool
Grandy, grandmother
Growen, growing
Grund, ground
Guid, good
Gursin, pasture

HARK, to whisper & listen
Harculus, Hercules
Hauld, hold
Heame, home
Hed, had
Hell, to pour. Isl. *hella*
Herry, to rob. From the Saxon *herian*. Junius derives it from αἴρω, *tollo*
Holesome, wholesome

'ILL, I will
Ingle, fire
I's, I'm

KEASE, case
Kest, to cast. To *kest a loop*, to knit
King Gweorges, King George's halfpence
Kits, pails

LAIT, to seek. Isl. *leita*
Lake, to play. AS. *lacan*
Lall, little
Lang, long
Langsome, long, tedious
Lave, all the rest. From the Saxon *lav* and *lave*
Leatly, lately
Lee, to lie
Leeve, to live
Leave, v. *lave*
Lig, to lay. AS. *ligan*. Belg. *liggen*
Lile, little
Lowp, to leap
Lows'd, loos'd
Luik, to look
Luikt, looked
Luive, love
Lwonin, lane
Lword, Lord

MAISTER, master, or schoolmaster
Maks, makes
Mare, more
Meade, made
Meake, to make. Belg. *maecken*
Mean, moan
Mean, to bemoan. AS. *mænan*
Mell, a beetle. Signifies here the hindmost, from a custom at horse-races of giving a mell, or beetle, to the hindmost. Hence they call the hindmost the *Mell*
Mens'd, graced or decorated
Menny, many
Ment, mixed or mingled. AS. *mængan*, *mengan*. D. *menge*
Mickle, much. AS. *micl*, *micel*. Teut. *mikill*
Moam, mellow. There is a soft crumbling stone in Oxfordshire, which the country people call *maum*. See Dr. Plot's Nat. Hist. Ox.
Mud, might, or must
Mudder, mother
Muins, moons
Mun, must. Isl. *eg mun giora*, facturus sum
Murry, merry
Mworn, morn, or morrow

NAETHING, nothing
Neakt, naked
Neame, name
Neen, nine
Neest, next
Nin, none
Nuik, chimney-corner

ONDERGANG, to undergo
Own'd, fated, or destined
Owr, over

PARFET, perfect, entire
Parlish, perilous
Peer, poor
Pezz, pease
Pleace, place
Pleaguy, plaguy
Powen, pulling
Powt, pulled
Pra'tha, pr'ythee
Pruive, prove

REACE, race
Reed, *reeder*, red, redder
Rock, distaff. D. *rock*. Belg. *spinrock*
Ruddily, readily

SACKLESS, innocent, faultless: a pure Saxon word, from the noun *sac*, *saca*, a cause, fault, guilt, &c. and the proposition *leas*, without
Sae, so
Sair, sore. Isl. *saar*. S. *sar*
Sairy, poor, innocent
Sall, shall
Scawd, to scald or boil
Schuil, school
Scrawlen, sprawling
Scy', scythe
Seave, *seav'd*, save, sav'd
Seck a, such a
Seer, sure
Seevy-cap, cap made of rushes
Sell, self
Sheerers, reapers
Shem, shame
Shally-wally, a sign of contempt
Shoon, shoes
Showder, shoulder
Simmer, summer
Sin, since
Sindry, sundry
Sineways, sundry ways
Slap, to beat. Teut. *schlapp*
Sleely, slily
Slinge, to go creepingly away, as ashamed: perhaps from the Saxon *slincan*, to creep
Smurk, to smile. AS. *smercian*
Snafflen, sauntering
Spelder'd, spell'd
Spinnels, spindles
Stang, sting. AS. *stang*. Isl. *staung*
Stound, pain or smart. Isl. *stun*, *stund*, doleo ui
Strean, strain
Stint, usual measure. Perhaps from the Saxon *stincan*, to restrain, or set bounds to
Stummer'd, stumbled
Sud, should
Suir, sure
Sweels of laughter, swells or bursts of laughter. We likewise say the candle sweels, when it blazes or burns fast away, from the Saxon word *swælan*,—and probably this is a metaphor taken from it

TEE, too
Thame, them
Thar, them
Thoom, thumb
Thur, these
Treace, to trace
Trod, foot-path
Tuith, tooth
Twea, two

VARMENT, vermin
Ventersome, rash, adventurous

WAE, woe
Wad, would

Wait, wot. From the Saxon *wætan*
Wandren, wandering
War, worse
War't, laid out or expended
Wark, work or business
Wapp'd, wrapt
Watter, water
Waws, walls
Wee, diminutive
Weel, well
Wesh, to wash
Whaes, whose
Whiews, flies hastily
White, quite
Whore, where
Willy-wands, willows
Wittenly, wottenly, designedly
Won, to dwell or inhabit.—AS. *wunnian*
Wood, mad. S. *wod*
Wondren, wondering
Wramp, sprain
Wrang, wrong
Wud, with. *God be wud her*, i. e. God rest her soul

Ye'EN, one
Yence, once
Yell, whole

IN THE PRESS,

AND SPEEDILY WILL BE PUBLISHED,

(PRICE 3s. 6d.)

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

R. ANDERSON,

OF CARLISLE.

SPECIMEN OF THE POETRY.

SONNET

TO

THE RIVER EDEN.

THOU murm'ring emblem of a troubled mind,
That wak'st fond Memory's tear, for ever true!
Time was, when, on thy moss-grown bank reclin'd,
I view'd thy surface ruffled by the wind,
As eager, light-wing'd Fancy forward flew;
Then did I dream of joys I ne'er could find—
'Twas life's gay spring, and sorrows were but few.

Sweet stream! whose mournful melody is dear,
Far from fell Slander and her wolfish brood!
A wand'rer oft, thy flow'r-clad margin near,
I'll pensive think of man's ingratitude;
And youth's gay age, when Mirth oft led me here,
Ere Mis'ry bade me drop the painful tear,
Or Hope, with flatt'ring tale, this bosom did delude.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 069136932